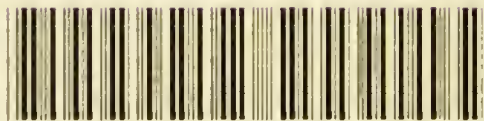


# Holidays and How to Use Them

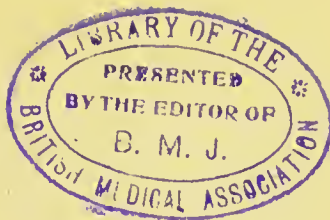
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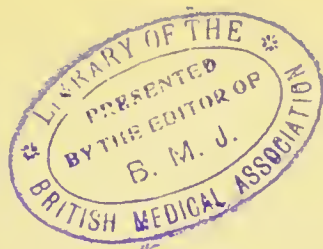


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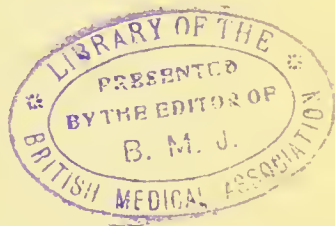


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# Holidays and How to Use Them



BY

CHARLES D. MUSGROVE, M.D.

AUTHOR OF

"NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM"



BRISTOL  
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# Holidays and How to Use Them

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## CHAPTER I

### HOLIDAYS AND HEALTH

THE writer of a book on holidays must ever bear in mind that his readers may comprise people of all ages, varying degrees of stamina, and widely different tastes. Like the proprietor of a large hotel, who has to cater for visitors with all sorts of palates and powers of digestion, so must the author of such a treatise as this be prepared to guide varied types of individuals as to the form of vacation best adapted to their particular needs. It is not sufficient for him to point out the attractions of different sorts of holidays ; he must go further than this. The old saying that " what is one man's meat is another man's poison " applies to holidays as much as it does to diet.

Holiday-makers naturally divide themselves into two

classes, those who go in pursuit of pleasure and those who go in search of health. Yet these

**Pleasure and health.** two sections are not so distinct from each other as they may seem to be at first sight. There is no reason why the health-seeker should not get plenty of enjoyment out of his vacation, or why those who set out with the sole intention of amusing themselves should not benefit in health at the same time. If people do not get the pleasure, they will most certainly not get the health; and it is equally true that those who enjoy themselves are at the same time laying up a reserve store of energy, which will be a valuable asset to them in the days to come. To estimate the benefit of a holiday it is necessary to look, not to the present alone, but to the future, months, or it may be years, ahead.

Holidays are a form of life insurance, not against death or the onset of old age, but against failing powers and ill-health. Not in-  
**Life insurance.** frequently it happens that people, on returning home, count up the cost and ask themselves if it was worth while. They had had a good time of it, but "might not the money have been expended in something more lasting?" they sometimes ask themselves.

It is just there that they make the mistake. There is nothing more permanent than the gain of a well-spent

holiday. The crux of the whole matter lies in that phrase "well-spent." When a man chooses an Insurance Society he naturally looks for the one which will give him the best returns for the premiums he will have to pay. Equally so, people who are going to spend money on a vacation wish to get the best value in return.

The question as to where they are to go, and what they are to do when they are there, is a vital one to most persons. The expense is a matter of consideration to people of moderate means. To people whose income is measured by hundreds instead of thousands, the amount spent on a summer holiday is a distinct slice out of the year's takings.

The ideal holiday is the one combining a maximum amount both of pleasure and health, and it is the aim of this book to enable the reader to attain this.

The chief benefit of a holiday is change of thought and surroundings. Change is one of the necessities of life, a requisite of good health. Holidays

**Change.** are essential even for those who are well and are jogging along comfortably in their work. Regularity in regard to food and habits of life is indispensable to our well-being, but when it is reduced to the level of monotony it may become a menace.

The best of housewives tend to get into a groove in

regard to catering, and when the stomach is called upon to deal with the same round of dishes, **Monotony.** prepared in the same way, week after week, it is apt to grow intolerant and go on strike. In such a case a holiday is often found to be an efficient cure for indigestion, by furnishing a welcome change of diet for the time being, and also by supplying the observant housewife with new ideas that will enable her to vary the menus after her return home.

The change of surroundings is also an aid to digestion in itself, through its action on the nervous system, which penetrates every part of our being and governs all its ways. It often happens that people who suffer from dyspepsia or want of appetite at home, find that, when they are away, they can take their meals with a relish and without any bad effects. They can even partake of dishes which they would look askance at in an ordinary way.

Monotony of surroundings acts on the mind in the same way that monotony of food acts on the stomach.

The brain becomes wearied of them, and almost irritated in time. It is in the nature of every man and woman to become groovy if they live in the same house from year to year, with the same rooms to sit in by day, the same bedrooms to sleep in by night, the furniture in the same position, the same pictures staring

at them from the walls. Most people have their favourite chairs, occupying the same place from day to day and year to year, so that when they sit down in the evenings they have identically the same outlook from one day to another, Sunday and week-day alike. Most houses do not lend themselves to a change of rooms, but we should all be better if the furniture was turned round occasionally and the pictures hung in different positions.

It is not only in the home that so many of us tend to become groovy. Most people find, as they grow older, a greater difficulty in making new friends. Consequently their list of acquaintances tends to become smaller as time goes on. Individuals who live within a narrow circle tend to occupy the centre of it, instead of taking their proper part side by side with other people. And the self-centred person soon finds his individual affairs looming larger than they have any right to do. His very grievances become magnified out of all reason. Then the brain settles down into something worse than a groove, something that we might almost liken to a morass, absorbing the unpleasant things of life, and giving them out again in an even more tainted form.

Even if the process has not gone so far as this, a mind that has settled down into a rut is usually an unproductive one. It is therefore equally uninteresting. There is nothing more stale and unprofitable than a conversation with people who say the same things and

talk on the same hackneyed subjects year in and year out. Infinitely better have to deal with those who maintain a stolid silence or contradict every word you say, for then in the one case you get a quiet rest, and in the other you are filled with the thrill of battle. Most of us would rather be startled by the noise of a dog-fight than condemned to listen to the monotonous ticking of an eight-day clock.

Some time ago a paper gave an account of a woman in London who had not had a holiday for over forty years. She kept a small shop somewhere in the Borough. "Why should she go away?" she said, "she was quite contented at home."

"Surely an ideal state of mind," someone remarks, "especially in this age of restlessness." But while we may envy that woman her contentment, we can scarcely covet a mind which could be satisfied with such a circumscribed lot. We have no wish to encourage people to be rushing off everlastingly, here, there, and everywhere; but to live in a dull routine, with no ambition outside it, is bound to have a deadening effect on any mind that is worth the name.

Besides, that woman's work was not such as to call for a vast amount of initiative. The selling of vegetables, papers and matches would not appear to call for much inspiration or originality, whereas in many other vocations freshness of ideas is essential to success. Monotony affects more than the social side of

life, for grooviness gradually invades a man's sphere of work. He goes on from day to day, feeling that he has not the energy to devise new plans or strike out on new lines. It is just when he has reached this stage that a holiday will refresh him as nothing else can do, and so amply will he be repaid for the time and money spent, that he might almost be justified in entering it up as part of his business or professional expenses.

Most women too need holidays even more than men, seeing that their sphere of work is the home in which they sleep and take their meals. "Man works from dawn to set of sun; a woman's work is never done." However fond a wife may be of her household duties, there are times when she gets sated with them, and the daily round, the common task, get on her nerves.

Then let her go away for a few weeks, and she will come back to her home refreshed in body and mind. For a holiday is a double change, the setting off and the return. We may miss some of what are called home comforts when living in apartments or an hotel. All the better if it is so; we shall appreciate our own homes more when we get back to them.

For children holidays are a prime necessity. They may seem to be having plenty of fresh air and outdoor life at home, playing about in their

**Children.** vacation-time from morning till night.

Take them to the seaside or the country for a spell, and they come home with brighter eyes, a

healthier colouring in their cheeks, and appetites like hunters.

This must be due rather to change of scene than to anything else, for even a holiday that has turned out unfortunate in regard to weather has much the same effect. Evidently, therefore, it is mainly through an influence on the brain reacting on the body. The budding mind of childhood needs not only a periodic rest, but a periodic change also. And children get full value out of their holidays, with the pleasures of anticipation and the happy recollections afterwards. If any of us are sceptical as to the effect of them on the youthful mind, let us take a glance backward. There are many events that we know must have happened within our experience, but we cannot recall them, there are many gaps that the memory refuses to fill up ; but the holidays of our childhood stand out clear and distinct amid the dim shadows of the past.

There is the other class of individuals, however, the tired people. That is, those who are not only tired of their work, but fatigued *by* it—the man  
**Tired** who has had to go on working, fagged out  
**people.** in body and mind ; the woman who has had to toil in the care of her children and household beyond the limits of her strength.

For these jaded ones holidays are as essential as food itself, even more so perhaps, for their food may cease to have done them any good. A complete change is the

only medicine for their tired brains and aching limbs, seeing that body and mind alike need recuperation, which means the rest that cannot be obtained at home. Such people must get right away from their ordinary surroundings, associated as these are with the cares and worries that are wearing them out. The money spent on a vacation will be repaid a hundredfold.

A man who had worked hard for many years without much result found at last that his business was beginning to prosper. He had to work harder than ever then, and although the fact of things going well made the work more congenial, he felt that he was overtaxing his energies. However, he could not afford, so he said, to lose golden opportunities by wasting time on a holiday ; he would stick closely to work that year and have a good long one the next. As a matter of fact, he got a long one during the following year, but it could scarcely be called a good one, seeing that he was invalided for six months, as he had broken down in the meantime.

Whether people are up to the mark or not, a vacation at least once a year is desirable. Everybody, the tired and the groovy alike, will benefit by it, and in more ways than that of change. No matter how careful they may be as to keeping their windows open, they can obtain a greater supply of fresh air when on a holiday than is possible at home. As to exercise and rest, different people will find that they need it in different proportions.

The jaded ones require a restful holiday, the groovy people, especially those of sedentary occupations, a more vigorous one.

It is my hope that in the following pages they may find plenty of hints to guide them in their choice, and so get the maximum amount of benefit and enjoyment, and the best value for the time and money expended.

## CHAPTER II

### GENERAL DIRECTIONS

BRITISHERS are accused of taking their pleasures sadly. Whether or no there is truth in this assertion is a moot point, but one thing is certain; there is no sadness about our anticipations of a holiday. In that respect we are the most cheerful set of optimists the world has ever known. We are fully convinced that the weather is going to be fine and warm, that the house or apartments we have engaged are ideal, even if we have never seen them, and that we are going to be exempt from all the ills and accidents that befall us in the ordinary course of our daily lives.

Consequently we set off provided only with light summer clothes, and the weather turns out wet and cold. The house that had been described as having a sea view has one, to be sure; long-sighted people and those provided with field-glasses can see the ocean glimmering in the distance.

The nearest doctor or chemist is five miles away, and no one has thought of bringing any simple remedies for emergencies. Consequently when somebody gets an attack of colic, a cut, or a nasty scratch there is not

even a drop of physic, a bandage, or a pot of ointment at hand. It is no wonder that holidays are complicated affairs at times.

Packing up is a process usually left to the last possible minute—the same morning if a start is to be made in the afternoon, the previous evening if the start is an early morning one. Too often the packing is not only a form of madness, but there is not even any method in it. There is only one efficient way of doing it, and that is by sitting down, with plenty of time to spare, and making a list of all the articles required. In this way, and this alone, can tourists be spared the all too common experience of finding that they have left behind most of the things they want, and brought a great many that they have no earthly use for.

It is almost useless to jot down things as they occur to the mind, for that will inevitably end in some of the necessary articles being forgotten. The easiest way, and this is not intended for a joke, is to begin with the crown of the head and work down systematically to the sole of the feet. Then everything will be in order. I do not know the pet forgetfulness of womankind, but can assure the men that if they do this they will not have to set out first thing next morning to purchase a watch-key and a shaving brush.

Pray that it may be a cold, wet day when you do

your packing. For then you will put in plenty of warm clothing, strong boots, leggings

**Provide** and a waterproof. Unless you do this,  
**for bad** you are only too likely to suffer from  
**weather.** discomfort or even danger to your health. On the other hand, if you take

these things they will act as a form of insurance, and make fine weather tolerably certain. This is a law of nature, and I do not profess to be able to explain it. In case, however, the law fails and the weather turns out inclement, it is well to be prepared.

Therefore take an extra bag or box rather than spoil your holiday for want of necessities. If you have to pay excess, you may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. If you are like most of us, you will have so little money left by the time you return home, that a little less will be of no account. And the little more—in the way of clothing—how much it is. Even if the days are warm, the nights, especially at the seaside, are often chilly, and you will be thankful of something warmer, either outer or inner garments, to change into.

It is always well to take a thick overcoat in addition to any light one or rainproof you may have with you. You may go for motor drives or steamer trips, in which case it will be an absolute necessity. Take a rug also, for you never know when it may come in useful. The weather may turn cold in the middle of the night,

and you cannot very well ring up the servants at that hour to bring an additional blanket.

For those who are travelling from place to place, staying in different hotels almost every night, or touring from town to town on the

**Sleeping** Continent, a sleeping bag may prove of  
**bags,** inestimable value. There is always the  
**damp** risk of damp sheets, and these have too  
**sheets.** often been the cause of a serious illness  
or the starting-point of rheumatism.

There is nothing more uncomfortable than to go to bed with the suspicion that the sheets are not properly aired. In most good hotels they can be depended on; but there are many places, both at home and abroad, which it would be a pity to miss, but where the accommodation is of a doubtful type.

Most people have encountered damp sheets in their time, but the writer makes the proud boast of being the only tourist who ever took the sheets off the bed and wrung the water out of them. It turned out to be nobody's fault. As the hotel keeper explained, with a shrug of his shoulders and a pleading look in his beautiful Italian eyes, "It could not be helped. There have been no suns'ine."

After that, who could hurl reproaches at him, ingenuous soul! All the same, I wished that I had had a sleeping bag with me.

A few cheap cushions are also of service, both for

comfort and health. The so-called easy chairs met with in apartments and furnished houses generally belie their name, and the sitter's lot is hard, literally as well as figuratively. But it is chiefly out of doors that cushions will prove of the greatest benefit. Many cases of sciatica are caused by sitting on rocks or damp grass, and grass, unless it is almost burnt up, is always more or less damp, even when rain has not been falling. A cushion to sit upon may save a lot of pain and trouble afterwards.

Then there is the question of remedies for ailments or accidents. Surely we are becoming pessimistic.

Far from it, we are only dealing with possibilities. It is no more pessimistic to take a supply of simple remedies than it is to make your will or insure against accidents. In fact, like the preparations for wet weather, such remedies may be regarded as a form of insurance. I always make a practice of taking such things when I go for a holiday, and invariably find that they are not required. Evidently the proper course would be to take the whole pharmacopœia, and so ensure immunity against all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Do not leave your favourite aperient at home, for that will prove to be an exception to the rule, and you will probably need it far more than you do in an ordinary way. Take also any remedies for cold,

headache, and any other ailment to which you are liable. The chapter on ailments incidental to holidays may be a guide to you in your selection.

Take a pot of boracic ointment, some lint, adhesive plaster and bandages, as these are almost always in request, either for members of your own party or for strangers in distress whom you may chance to meet. In the latter case you will make grateful friends for life.

Take an india-rubber hot-water bottle. It will come in handy in case of sprains, attacks of lumbago, or any other form of pain, and for producing a grateful warmth when any of the party happen to get a chill.

Does all this sound somewhat soft and chicken-hearted? If you think so, let me recommend you to examine the luggage of any hardy explorer or big game hunter, for then you will find of a certainty that his traps contain the very things which the average tourist leaves at home and affects to despise. You will come across remedies for all sorts of simple ailments, and also plenty of warm underclothing, cholera belts, and many other suchlike means of protection. These war-worn travellers cannot dispense with these things because they are stronger and hardier than the majority of mankind. May it not be that they are hardier because they have learnt common sense in regard to looking after their health?

There is another remedy with which you would do

well to be provided, the remedy against boredom, in case of wet weather. Is there any sight

**Remedies** more pitiable, more painful, than to see a  
**for boredom.** number of people, condemned to stay indoors, staring moodily out of the windows and growling at the elements? If there is, I for one have no desire to see it. Then pick out before leaving home plenty of light literature and games to meet this contingency. If you do this, an occasional wet day may prove a blessing in disguise, for sometimes it happens that if the weather is fine day after day people tire themselves out with doing more than they are capable of. A dull day now and then gives them a physical rest, which will enable them to make the most of the remainder of their visit.

When preparing to go away, one thing of all others must not be left behind. Whatever else you take with you or dispense with, see that you retain

**Common** your common sense. Better overlook the  
**sense.** warm clothing and the hot-water bottle, on which we have laid such stress, than neglect to take that with you.

The rules of health apply on a holiday just as much as they do at home, yet people seem to be obsessed by the fact that they can transgress them with impunity when they are having a vacation. They eat and drink all sorts of things that they would think twice about in everyday life. They take long walks and attempt

climbs far beyond their powers. Then they wonder why they feel languid and have headaches. They stroll through sloppy fields or along wet sands, rigged out in muslin dresses or flannel suits, and cannot understand why they are feeling so chilly and miserable.

It is simply because they had forgotten to bring their common sense along with the rest of their luggage. That, of course, was before they read this homily. After this it will be the first requisite on which they will keep their eye.

As to diet, it is not necessary to eat everything that is set before you. This statement would appear superfluous, were it not for what we have

**Diet.** all witnessed when staying in hotels or boarding-houses. To the average Englishman—I leave Americans and foreigners alone, and attend to the cleaning of my own house, without remarking on the neighbours' dirty windows—it seems a shameful waste to let food go past untouched, especially if the terms are inclusive. Yet it will pay vastly better in the long run. Because you are on a holiday, there is no need to partake of things that you know will give you indigestion or upset your liver. Neither is it necessary to take ices and pastries and other delicacies of that sort between meals. Treat other people to them by all means, if you feel that the laws of hospitality and politeness demand it, then

set a good example by refraining from them on your own account.

Certain other luxuries call for discretion. Many men spoil the good effects of a holiday by smoking twice as much as they do when at home. In consequence they are apt to feel listless and to impair their powers of digestion. Much of this is due to the habit of smoking in the mornings, a time of day when tobacco tends to have a specially depressing effect on the nervous system. It is not that we wish to disparage the custom of smoking in general ; all we recommend is that people should keep it within the same reasonable bounds as when they are at home.

As to why people who never indulge in alcohol otherwise should take it when on a holiday is a mystery. Probably they do not want to drink, and only do so because others seem to expect it of them. Yet someone suggests, " Why should they not have it ? They are on a holiday, and it will be a change for them." Of course, we had overlooked that phase of the question. On the same principle, therefore, and for the same reason, the people who take alcohol in an ordinary way will turn teetotal during the same period. Passed unanimously.

Exercise should be taken in moderation during the first few days of the visit. In their delight at finding themselves away from work and

**Exercise.** responsibility, people often tend to spoil the first part of their stay by taking part

in unwonted forms of exercise. The young people are eager to rush off here, there, and everywhere, to climb the hills or play rollicking games, and father, with the most laudable intentions, strives to keep up with them. At the end of the first day they are all tired ; but whereas the youngsters simply go to bed and sleep it off, father awakes to the unwelcome knowledge that his sinews are not so supple as they were once, and that his powers of recuperation are less. For the next few days he is fagged, and consequently disappointed.

This applies to those who are not in the habit of taking sufficient exercise at home. If they did so, or if they took care to train themselves for a few weeks previously, it might all be avoided, for then they would set off for the summer vacation knowing exactly how much they are fit to undertake.

The benefit of exercise may be increased by having a swab down with warm water before the evening meal.

If the clothing, under-garments included,  
**Warm bath.** are changed at the same time, the effect is much more refreshing, and the remainder of the evening becomes proportionately more enjoyable.

In another way, too, it is possible to increase the amount of enjoyment to be obtained from any form of exercise. It is always well to re-  
**Changing** member that the clothes in which you  
**clothes.** sit or walk about are apt to become a burden so soon as you commence

vigorous movements. Therefore, if the weather is warm, and you are going to spend a few hours in playing cricket, climbing hills, or taking a long walk, it will well repay you to change into lighter wearing apparel first. You can put on thinner under-clothing or leave it off altogether, and don the lightest outer garments you possess.

Otherwise, before half an hour is past, you will almost certainly find that you have got into a state of perspiration, which will spoil all your fun and render you liable to a chill as soon as you begin to cool down.

It is surprising what a fuss many people make over changing their clothes. Anyone would think it was an hour's solid hard work, instead of a few minutes', which is all that it takes. Even if it took a bit longer than this, the time would not be wasted.

It is in regard to rest that tourists need to be warned most particularly. Many people get the minimum amount of good from their holidays

**Rest.** simply for want of sufficient sleep. It is all very well to talk of getting up with the lark, provided you go to bed in good time. If you retire late and rise early, you are likely to be what a scientist once described—when speaking of students who overworked themselves at the outset of their studies—conceited during the first part of morning, and tired and sleepy for the remainder of the day.

Get up early by all means, so long as you see to it that you have had eight hours in bed, or provided you take a rest in the afternoons. And of all the proceedings calculated to enhance the value of a holiday, there is none more important than this midday rest. It not only restores the tired body, but affords a welcome relief to aching eyes, which often mean an aching head. In fine weather, just the time, in fact, when we most grudge losing one minute of the vacation, the respite from the glare is both welcome and refreshing.

It is not only during this hour of midday rest that the eyes need to be protected from the glare of light, which in many cases detracts considerably from the pleasure and good of a holiday. Not uncommonly people suffer, as will be described later under the heading of holiday ailments, from headache due to sunlight. Yet it may be easily avoided by the use of dark glasses, wide brims to the hats, and sunshades. Then the tourist can have all the benefits of sunlight without its disadvantages.

Fresh air and sunshine are the best restoratives for body and mind. Direct sunlight seems to have some special life-giving property of its own.

**Sunshine.** There is no form of bath equal to a sunbath. Therefore, revel in it to the full, and let the sun's rays beat down on you, provided the

head and face are in the shade. Sunburn and health are inevitably associated together in our minds, simply because we have found by experience that we are all different beings after a sunny holiday. We not only feel stronger and hardier, but worry less, fidget less, and take things more as they come. A cheerful philosophy and good health also go together. The light-heartedness of the Latin races is largely a question of the climate in which they live.

Throughout the whole of a holiday rest of mind is of the highest importance. Reduce your newspaper reading, if you will not give it up altogether, to a minimum. Business **Rest of mind.** communications are of course taboo, and the fewer letters you get the better it will be for you. Do not encourage your neighbours to write to you. They may not send any worrying news, but anything they may tell you will carry your thoughts back to home affairs, which you are well advised to eschew. The associations which they recall prevent that detachment of mind which is so desirable.

To get the best out of a holiday, read up before leaving home as much as possible about the district you are going to visit. People often do **Read up beforehand.** this when journeying to foreign countries, but how few there are who take pains to follow out the same plan when setting off

to some place in their native land. Those who are wise enough to do so gain in every way.

Even unauthentic information can lend a glamour to a place ; what of facts on which we can rely ? Simply this, that they add a charm to a holiday which is independent of scenery, of the weather, even of the company in which we may find ourselves. Those who secure this preliminary information invest their trip with a multitude of interests, and are also in a position to enlighten other people. Then they are looked up to as the wise man or woman of the party, and have the gratification of tasting, perhaps for the first time in their lives, the sweetness of popularity and power.

They need not pretend to be walking encyclopædias, or spend months in arduous study. There are guide books to every part of the British Isles which give most reliable information on every subject to be found there—the birds, flora and fauna, the characteristics of the people, the historical and literary associations of the place, and they afford most delightful reading apart from anything else.

You visit a cathedral or a ruined castle, and after expatiating on its beauties someone asks you its history. You know nothing about it, and look like an idiot, in addition to feeling like one. However fine it may be, your interest soon wanes if you limit your attentions to the æsthetic side of it.

There is a ruined abbey in the North of England

called Furness Abbey. It was a mass of ruins for centuries, but was rebuilt about thirty years ago, and I was privileged to be at the rebuilding, a process which took about fifteen minutes. The artistic side of such a place is somewhat lost on a raw youth, and in this case it certainly was so. The great arches promised rare sport in the way of bird's-nesting, but the regulations forbade climbing. As the youth and his companions were coming away, however, they met a friend, who was that delightful combination, an architect and an antiquarian. He stopped, and began to talk of the ruins, pointing out where this bit of wall joined on to that, where this arch and the one over there formed the ends of a chapel or a dining-hall, and so on. Gradually the various parts began to fall into their proper places, walls sprang up as if by magic, and roofs spread themselves overhead. Then the monks appeared, treading softly from the cells to the chapel, and the air was filled with the sound of sonorous voices repeating prayers. After that, as our well-read guide continued to talk, they began to troop into the great dining-hall, no longer a couple of ruined arches and bits of broken walls, but a magnificent assembly room, where a hundred and twenty of them could sit at long tables.

Later on, walking round the precincts, we saw them fishing in the river or reading their breviaries beneath the shade of the spreading trees. The whole establishment had sprung into life, the ruins had vanished,

giving place to an abbey as complete as in the year it was built. And so it stands to this day, so far as that youth is concerned. Time may play further havoc with its walls and arches, but it can never destroy the spirit of those who lived and died within its precincts.

To invest a holiday with its greatest charm, imbue yourself also with the spirit of the district in which you are going to spend your vacation. You will need to do more than read mere guide books for this purpose. There is hardly a locality in the whole of our land that has not had its writer, who by the magic of the pen has reflected the spirit of the people. If you are journeying to the Lake District, read something of Wordsworth and Southey; to Dorset, peruse one of Thomas Hardy's books; to the Lowlands of Scotland, Burns and Scott; to North Devon, read *Westward Ho!* or *Lorna Doone*, or go a step farther, and take up the *Idylls of the King*. All these will add a glamour of romance which will make your surroundings glow with colour and throb with life.

If your holiday involves a long railway journey, you may add a couple of days to your vacation by an easy process. Such journeys are usually

**The railway** regarded as a waste of time, an unavoidable journey. able nuisance, that must be tolerated as best it can. Then make them part of your holiday, feasting your eyes and mind as you go along, instead of being bored to death, yawning,

looking at your watch, trying to read, and making your head ache in so doing.

All that is necessary is to write to the railway company, asking them to send you one of their illustrated guide books. These will tell you all that is to be seen along the route by which you are travelling.

Professor Tyndall once said that a railway ride need never be tiring to a geologist: the character of the embankments and the lie of the country were books in which he might read the story of the earth. With equal truth we may say that there need never be a dull moment on a journey for those who have taken pains to acquaint themselves with the various landmarks by the way. To a well-stored mind every mile of the route is a picture to captivate the eye, or a leaf out of the nation's history.

For a time you may be passing through charming rural scenery, with fields and woods, peaceful villages and tiny hamlets scattered around, farms, orchards, and flower-besprinkled meadows. Suddenly you plunge into some colliery and manufacturing district, where nature's greenery has been replaced by dust and ashes and a pall of black smoke. Dreary enough in all conscience, until you remember that the amount of smoke which is belching from that forest of chimneys is a fairly accurate indication of the state of trade. Towns are usually the most melancholy of places when viewed from the vicinity of a railway station, but much

of the dinginess disappears if you know for what that town is celebrated, what its products are, what position it takes in the commerce of the country.

You get a peep of some ruined battlements ; they have played a famous part in history. There is a plain or a hill-top, not much from the æsthetic point of view, but they are the scene of some famous battle fought in the bygone days. There is a lonely stretch of road, winding between barren hills, such as you may see on your journey north. There is nothing striking about it, until you picture in the growing dusk the great hordes of shaggy-haired warriors who used to tread this same road on their way to fight the hated Sassenach.

These are but a few of the things you may see, whether your route lies east, west, north or south. You have only to find them out, and your railway journey becomes an enchanting part of your holiday, instead of a period of unmitigated boredom, and a loss of precious time.

## CHAPTER III

### THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY. WHERE TO GO

THIS is a question which is often settled in the most haphazard manner. Someone recommends a place in which they had spent a most delightful fortnight, and other people, on the look-out for a locality in which to spend their summer vacation, pounce upon the idea at once. It is, perhaps, the last place on earth to which these particular people should go, but what of that? They have talked over one spot after another in an aimless fashion, and debated the question until they are almost sick of it. So they welcome any definite suggestion.

In many cases the advertising posters have the casting vote. We see a picture of some seaside or country resort. It is simply lovely. The sea is of the deepest, or rather the most brilliant, blue, and the sky is tropical. The grass is of the greenest, and the foliage gorgeous, as it glistens in the dazzling sunshine. In fact, it is all almost too resplendent to be true, did we not know that advertisers could not deceive if they tried. It is only when we get there, and the place looks so utterly different as to suggest that the artist

must have painted some other spot in mistake for it, that we wish we had made rather more extended inquiries.

These are not the ways in which to choose a holiday. There are many points to be taken into consideration. If it is a family holiday, it has to be approached from a different point of view, and children have to be taken into account. Therefore the children's vacation will be dealt with in a chapter by itself.

In the case of grown-up people, age, physique and the state of health have to be borne in mind. What

suits one may be worse than useless for others. In a matter of this sort we are dealing with people in every grade of health, from the delicate, who are easily knocked up, to the robust, who rarely know what it is to feel tired or out of sorts. The former need a restful form of holiday, the latter a more energetic one. For each there is plenty of choice, the following list is sufficient evidence of that.

Those who are intending to settle in one place, making journeys from it if desired, can choose between

seaside, country, lakes, health resorts or town. Those who prefer to move on, can select a walking or cycling tour, climbing, motoring, a Continental trip, or a voyage. Either can indulge in camping if they wish to do so.

It is perfectly clear that all of these are not suitable for everyone. Each must choose that which best fits in with their capabilities and inclinations. They will all be dealt with in turn, but one phase of holiday-making, and it is the most important of all, we may emphasise here. It is the question of change. Whether you are going for a tour or to stay in one place, select a district which is a contrast to the one you live in.

Those who reside in the country will naturally think of the sea, and vice versa. Yet each may find a trip to town a refreshing change. Even in summer, when one's thoughts turn to green fields and ocean breezes, people who reside in quiet places may find that in a busy place like London the change of surroundings, the stream of humanity, and the numerous objects of interest and amusement within their reach, have an invigorating effect second to none.

The majority of my readers (unfortunately, perhaps) live in towns or near them, and are thankful to get away from the busy side of life.

In any case, make the change as complete as possible. That is the great advantage of going abroad or to a distant part of your own country, where

<p><b>Make</b> <b>change</b> <b>complete.</b></p>	<p>you will be in the midst of new faces and fresh customs, have different food, and hear another language or dialect than the one to which you are accustomed.</p>
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Wherever you are, alter your habits of life, conforming

to those of the part in which you find yourself. Eat the food which is set before you and ask no questions. If on the Continent, take the *café complet* in the mornings, and do not order eggs and bacon for breakfast. The change will do you good, and that is vastly more than can be said for the eggs and bacon when cooked according to the ideas of a French or Italian chef.

When abroad do not waste time and patience in setting off each day to get the home newspapers. Leave the papers alone. The country will last out until your return, and the party then in power, whatever its politics may be, will not make a greater mess of things than it is probably doing at the time simply because you are not there to keep an eye upon its doings. Treat it with the contempt it deserves, and do not spoil a good holiday with futile ravings against its incompetency.

It may even be that a rest from your favourite game will do you good. We have all known men return from a tennis or golfing holiday feeling as if they never wished to touch a racket or a club again. A fortnight's rest will probably end in your playing in better form than you had been doing previously.

Do not go to the same place year after year. If you happen to have a specially good time during any particular trip, do not risk the chance of spoiling a good impression. There is such a thing as being

disillusioned on the second occasion, and if the first holiday has been an unqualified success, it is more than likely that it will fail to be so the next time.

This element of change may be made much more effective if instead of living in hotels or lodgings the holiday is spent in camping. There is a sense of freedom in life under canvas that makes it a pronounced contrast to living within the four walls of a building.

You may also vary the manner of your going, taking a walking or cycling tour, instead of travelling by train. It would be a vast aid to the national health if such tours were more common. Increased facilities for transit are making us a lazy lot ; in a few generations the populace will consist of hideous monstrosities, with stunted limbs and flaccid bodies propelled by machinery.

Then let the young and the robust learn to use the lower limbs, that were meant for more than getting in or out of trams and railway trains. By the time they have had a week's cycling or walking, they will begin to wonder how they could ever have consented to be carried at so much the mile.

Needless to say, however, such modes of travelling are only for those who are endowed with health and strength. There are many who would

**The restful** be foolish to attempt such vigorous  
**holiday.** methods. If they do so, they will only  
spoil the holiday for themselves and their  
companions. It is humiliating for anyone, a man

particularly, to have to acknowledge that he is not fit for as much as his fellows. Yet he had better realise the fact, and act accordingly. There is nothing to be ashamed of, for every individual has but the physique which has naturally fallen to his share. If his staying powers are not up to the average, he may be possessed of other qualities that help to compensate. It is rarely that a general is capable of the same amount of exertion as the common soldier.

It is a frequent experience that people who are not over-robust are gifted with pluck and spirit out of all proportion to their bodily strength. Everybody seems to be possessed by the idea that they can do anything when on a holiday. Distance lends enchantment, not only to the scene, but also to our powers of endurance. We are all brave and strong and hardy, ready to surmount any obstacles and endure any amount of exertion, provided the obstacles and other difficulties are sufficiently remote. Some people, who would shake in their shoes if told to mount an old cab horse, can dash—in imagination—across the trackless prairie on a bucking broncho when watching a cinema show.

There is little harm in that, provided it goes no further. But there may be a great deal of harm if a delicately-constituted person chooses a walking tour, where the exertion and the risk of being caught in the rain and getting a soaking may prove too much for him. A man who was the victim of severe bronchial

attacks promptly decided on a yachting holiday on the Norfolk Broads, because a friend of his, a young, robust animal, ten years his junior, had had such a ripping time of it. On further inquiry it turned out that three days of the ripping time had been spent under canvas, as it had poured incessantly for the whole of that period. The bronchial individual came to his senses on hearing that, and knocked it off the list.

He was more fortunate than hundreds of others, who settle this momentous question regardless of the fact that what is enjoyable to one may be disappointing, even dangerous, to another.

It is worse than useless for people who are poor walkers, or suffer from weak hearts, to select a place where every step is either up or down. If it was all down it might be right enough, but it is an inflexible rule on this planet that if you go down a hill you must perforce come up it again in order to reach the place whence you set out. It is just as bad for rheumatic people, who dare not stand about on the grass after sunset, to go camping in a field or wood. Both age and stamina have always to be taken into account, especially the latter. Young people who are not robust or are recovering from some illness, such as influenza, need to show as much discretion as elderly ones, if they wish to enjoy their holiday and benefit by it. Therefore, let them pay heed to the following hints.

It is not only over-exertion but also discomfort that

such persons have to avoid. It is all very well to talk of roughing it and leading the simple

**Roughing** life, which often means the same thing.

it. What would be better, someone asks, than to go to some fishing village and live as the people do? Just notice what a hale, hearty lot these fisherfolk are, thriving on the plainest diet, and heedless of wet or cold.

Quite true, they are marvellously robust. But they were brought up on this fare and amid these surroundings, and most of us are no more fit to follow their example than we are capable of lending a hand in their boats on a stormy night. Coarse food may supply the necessary amount of nutriment to stomachs that have known nothing else since childhood, but it is ill-adapted to the needs of those accustomed to different conditions. Primitive surroundings, too, picturesque as they may be in the abstract, are nothing short of a trial to people who are used to comfort in their own homes.

I do not wish to run down the simple life, or to mock at the primitive doings of the rustic. All I want is to impress upon those whose health is not good that, if they choose a place miles from anywhere, they may find themselves miles away from everything that for them makes life worth living.

Much has been said, and truly said, of late as to the disadvantages of an August holiday, when railway trains and pleasure resorts are crowded beyond endurance.

Many, of course, especially those who have boys and girls at school, are bound to go away when they can. So long as people are well and strong, I do not know that it matters much one way or the other. But let all who are not up to the mark avoid the August crush as they would shun the plague. They may say that they do not object to a packed hotel or boarding-house, but the fact remains that when they get there they will object to it very much.

Accessibility is a point to keep in mind. Too often it happens that tired people spoil the first few days of a holiday by a long or tedious railway ride, and the return journey knocks them up again, just as they are beginning to feel the good of the change.

What such persons need is a restful holiday, both as regards the journey and the way in which they spend their time. This does not mean that they must bury themselves in some deadly dull place, with nothing going on, especially if their nervous systems are below par. To the tired, nervy people, who wish to have their minds recast and leave their cares behind, solitude is not always to be recommended. Unless they have some absorbing hobby, they are apt to become bored, and their last state is worse than the first.

Recreation is an indispensable element of rest. A common idea in planning a restful holiday is to seek some quiet spot and lie "neath the shade of the old apple tree," or by the sad sea waves and do nothing.

This is just what a tired brain cannot do. It has got into a state of perpetual motion, and will not stop worrying. What people of this type want is a place where they can take things easily, and yet have enough going on before their eyes to keep their minds occupied. A cheerful seaside town or an inland resort, such as Buxton or Harrogate, is often better suited to them.

In any case, climate is an important consideration. At first sight it would seem as if a bracing place was the ideal one for delicate people, or those who for any reason have to avoid too much exertion. In practice it often turns out to be the opposite, as it is apt to rouse their nervous energies to a degree that their bodily powers cannot keep pace with.

If, therefore, for motives of health, much sitting out of doors is desirable, a mild climate is preferable. Those who are in need of a restful holiday will be well advised to choose the softer atmosphere of the vale in preference to the keen air of the moor, the milder climate of Devonshire or Cornwall, instead of the bracing qualities of the East Coast.

## CHAPTER IV

### A COUNTRY HOLIDAY

THIS may be one of the most charming holidays or one of the most disappointing. It all depends on the way in which people undertake it. Of course, when we speak of a country holiday we are not referring to a stay at some hotel or hydropathic, where you will have to dress up just as much as if you were visiting some fashionable resort. The hotel may be situated amid rural surroundings, but the holiday itself comes under a different category. What we are now dealing with is a vacation spent in some quiet spot, where you can lead a free, natural life, untrammelled by the demands of society, a place where the men can stroll about in shirt and trousers if they like, and the women in whatever form of feminine costume corresponds to that *deshabille*.

One way of doing it is to rent a furnished house, one that has good accommodation, take your servants, and run it on the same lines as at home. It is an easy way from a man's point of view. But as one lady told her husband when he informed her that he had taken a house of this sort, "You and the children can go by all

means, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves. As I have to do the housekeeping and look after the maids all the year round, I shall take a little holiday by myself."

Men would do well always to remember that a woman needs a rest from the worries of housekeeping quite as much as they themselves need a respite from their work.

Go, therefore, where the catering will be done for you. There are many inns up and down the country parts where they will make you extremely comfortable. They will not even expect you to order intoxicants if you are not accustomed to take them. Even a teetotaller may, like the poet, heave a sigh of comfort to think he still has found his warmest welcome at an inn. There has been of late a correspondence in one of our daily papers as to the English inns, and some writers seem to have found them detestable places. Some of us have found them the very opposite of this—clean, airy, wholesome places, with genial people to serve you. One wonders if the aforesaid writers can have been responsible for the bad manners they met with. It is well to remember that neither bluster nor haughtiness are passports to good treatment.

One thing beware of, unless you know the people well, and that is the cottage where visitors are "taken in and done for." Sometimes they are both taken in and done for in a way that hardly conduces to an enjoyable holiday. A party of friends engaged rooms at a cottage

situated in a lonely part of the West Coast without making particular inquiries. The cooking was primitive and vile into the bargain, the rooms bare and uncomfortable and likewise stuffy, as there was hardly one in which you could swing a cat without dashing out its brains against the wall. The only thing which savoured of civilisation was the bill.

If you are going to live in a cottage, hire one for yourselves and run it on picnic lines. Let every

member of the party, the men included,

**Renting** take a hand in the work, and there need  
**a cottage.** then be no housekeeping cares. On the

contrary, the *ménage* will afford a vast amount of diversion and amusement. You will have a deal more breathing space than if you were limited to certain rooms, and a great deal more freedom in general. If at the same time a tent, or two if possible, is rigged up in the garden, for the accommodation of the men of the party at night, and for any of the ladies who prefer to sleep out of doors, there will be plenty of room for everybody. Then the holiday will have all the advantages of camping without any of its drawbacks, so far as any weakly members of the party are concerned.

In this way you can have a real country holiday and enjoy yourselves to your heart's content—get up and go to bed when you like, dress as you like, behave as you like, without any restraint, rules or regulations.

You can take your meals in the garden if the weather favours you, or carry your food and drink to some pleasant spot and picnic for the whole day. You can have cycle runs or long walks, or split up into small parties for fishing, botanising or any other pursuit which takes your fancy.

If you want to get the most enjoyment out of such a holiday, hire a horse and trap for the period of your stay. The horse may not be a Derby winner, but that is no drawback. If you hit upon one with a habit of standing still and refusing to move, or of turning round with the invincible determination of going in the opposite direction to the one you are making for, it will add considerably to the attractiveness of the drive, effectually excluding any element of monotony. The vehicle, too, need not be of a luxurious order. Perhaps the best is a flat one, like a luggage cart without any seats, as this affords the greatest amount of accommodation. You can then go on the principle of "all get in who can, and those who drop off can run behind."

All this refers to what we may term the rollicking country holiday, but there may be some who are too tired or run down to enjoy vigorous pas-

**The quiet** times. They want something more restful.

**country** It may be also that the party is a small one,

**holiday.** perhaps only a husband and wife, who have felt the need of a quiet country vacation.

They want to do nothing, and already I have pointed

out the impossibility of quieting a restless mind without the aid of some form of diversion.

The best way to do nothing is to do something else at the same time ; in other words, to switch the worried brain on to another tack. For this

**How to do** purpose those who stay in the heart of  
**nothing.** the country cannot depend on local amusements. We have all heard of the rustic who, in reply to a query from a townsman as to whether the district was not rather dull, said, " It be none so dull. We had a circus last year and a 'clipse of the mune the year before."

Even supposing that you were so fortunate as to arrive in time for both of these exciting events, they would not be of much use to you. You can see an eclipse as well at home, and a circus in town is more likely to be of an enlivening description than any you will drop upon in a village. In any case, you are probably as tired of your amusements as of your work, and want a change from the one as much as from the other. What you wish for is to enjoy to the full all the delights of country life. Then a country holiday, even to a tired, nervy individual, may be the very best that he can obtain, restful and thoroughly attractive at the same time.

Do not suppose, however, that you are going to get much pleasure out of it by simply mooning around and gazing about you in a desultory, aimless manner. If

you wish to lull your tired mind with the murmur of the stream, take a rod and do a bit of fishing. If you wish to revel in the sights and sounds of fields and woods, learn to distinguish the calls of the birds, to name the flowers and trees, and study the insects that cross your path. If you want to appreciate lovely bits of scenery, get out your sketching block or your camera and make pictures of them.

You can take these and other recreations as quietly as you like, ordering your walks or cycle runs within the limits of your capabilities. Or if you have to take as much physical rest as possible, hire a pony-trap and jog along the lanes, keeping your eyes open for all of interest that meets your gaze—the scenery, the people, the flowers and foliage, the birds in the hedgerows, and everything else that takes your fancy. If you hire a donkey, you can study the habits of beetles as you go along.

Quiet driving of this sort is one of the most restful forms of movement, and movement often has a more soothing effect on the brain than inaction. It depends, of course, on the sort of movement. If you have a motor-car, leave it at home. It may be that the car, and not your work, has been the cause of your lassitude or nerviness, for there is no doubt that with some people motoring has a bad effect on the nervous system, even though they are not aware of it at the time.

Lend a hand in any suitable occupation that comes

your way, wood-cutting, gardening, and anything else that is not too arduous for you. Even if it is somewhat harder than you are accustomed to, it may do you no harm but rather good. If you are somewhat of a hypochondriac, you will be convinced, by the time you have hacked down a tree, that you are not to be the victim of heart disease or paralysis.

It may be that you suffer from insomnia. If so, some outdoor occupation is the best thing for you. Help with the haymaking if it is going on at the time, and you will sleep better that night than you have done for months past. In any case, whether by haymaking or any other outdoor pursuit, you will find that one day spent in the open will do more for you than all the sleeping drugs that were ever invented, and give you a rest that is infinitely more refreshing. There is nothing in the wide world half so beneficial to tired nerves as a prolonged dose of fresh air. What you get of this by day you can supplement, greatly to your good, by sleeping in a tent at night. For then you get more fresh air than is possible in the best ventilated room. If you multiply eight or nine hours, your resting time at night, by the number of days you are staying, you will have some idea of the advantages to be gained. A hundred and twenty extra hours spent out of doors in the course of a fortnight are not to be despised.

There is no harm in indulging in a sleep by day sometimes. Lolling about all day long is no rest, as

we have already shown ; but the man or woman who has been in the open for hours, diverting their minds with congenial recreations or work, with the result that they are gently but not over fatigued, may revel in a spell of absolute physical and mental rest.

Then they may lie in the shade of the orchard trees or by the banks of a stream, listening to, perhaps lulled to sleep by, the drone of the insects, the swish of the cattle, and the songs of the birds ; or on some hill-side, letting their gaze idly wander over fields and woods to the blue hills in the distance ; or on some wide-spreading moor, with earth and sky melting into each other all round the horizon.

There is no rest so soothing as that which is honestly earned, and it is when his limbs are gently tired, and his mind in a state of dreamy repose, that man can exercise his highest privilege, that of seeing the world as God made it.

## CHAPTER V

### A FARMHOUSE HOLIDAY

ON a sultry afternoon in July a man was walking along a busy street in London. He was typically of the city, conventional in dress, speech, and manner. Having left his office only a few minutes previously, his mind was still intent on business affairs, though his eyes were noting, in a mechanical, half-abstracted way, the stream of vehicles and the crowds of people surging in each direction, whilst his ears were filled with the bustle and din that were going on all around him.

Suddenly he had a curious experience, for in an instant the traffic disappeared, the noise died out, and in place of the crowded thoroughfare he saw a quiet countryside, with a farmstead surrounded by its orchards and meadows and bathed in the mellow sunshine. It was the farm at which he had spent a month in his boyhood many years before.

The vision fled almost as rapidly as it had come, and once more he was back in the heart of London. It was only when he happened to glance along a side

street that he caught sight of a cartload of hay and realised whence the day-dream had come. There is no sense so powerful of reminiscence as that of smell.

His holidays had usually been spent in some fashionable resort, either at home or abroad, and in fact a week later he was due at a well-known watering-place in Germany. Yet as the days went on that vision recurred time after time to his mind. When once the love of the country has got into a man's blood it is like malaria; it may lie dormant for a long time, many years it may be, but sooner or later it is bound to break out. The more he thought of that fashionable resort, with its endless promenading, baths, and gossip, all among the same class of people he was wont to associate with at home, the more garish and artificial it became, and the more enticing grew the smell of the new-mown hay.

A week after that you might have seen him in a hayfield, working with the best of them, and joking with the other haymakers; there was even a suspicion of dialect in his speech. What is more, he appeared to have cast aside his conventionality along with his city clothes and silk hat. As we have not disclosed his identity, there is no harm in saying that on one occasion he was seen chaffing a buxom dairymaid.

Sometimes, as he was eating his meals in the cool farmhouse kitchen, with its flagged floor and great

open hearth, he thought of that so-called pleasure resort in Germany, and of all the well-dressed people staying in it, and the more he thought of it the more distasteful it became. At other times, as he jogged along the lanes in a cart or lay by the side of the stream listening to its cool gurgle, he pondered over that strenuous life of his in the city, and wondered whether it was all worth it, and where it was going to end.

Have you ever revelled in the brightness of a summer's morning in the country, with the cheery voices of the milkers ringing like music in your ears? Have you ever strolled through the farmyard in the sunshine, with the sound of the churning in the dairy, or walked into the shady barns with their sweet scent? Have you ever seen a harvest home? Have you ever lazed in the coolness of a summer evening, with the mellow twilight stealing over the land, the distant voices of the resting labourers, and the lowing of the home-coming cattle in the meadows? Have you ever seen the stars come out in all their beauty, and the homestead lying still and peaceful in the luminous darkness of a summer's night?

If you have seen none of these things, you have missed something that all the gaities and attractions of a large town can never give you. There is a blank in your life, and you had better hasten to fill it up.

A farmhouse holiday is admirably adapted for a family or a party of grown-up people bent on a few weeks' enjoyment. Undoubtedly, too, it is the best way of taking a country vacation for those who have to go off alone, affording as it does plenty of company and congenial surroundings. For a nervy man or one who is overworked and wants quiet, yet with something to distract his mind, it is excellent. The farmer and his family have probably never heard of nervous debility, and the sufferer does not therefore get a chance of talking about his health, and that is vastly better for him than living in a hydropathic or some such resort, where he is surrounded by numbers of people all anxious to talk of their ailments.

People who are not strong are, however, better advised to keep clear of farms, as they cannot always get the comforts which they need. For sturdy persons there is no more comfortable place than a farmhouse, but those who have to pay much heed to their diet, and to take care of themselves in general, may find that the living is too rough to suit them. However kindly disposed the good wife may be, she is not always to be depended on for those little niceties and attentions necessary to an invalid. She has her own work to do, and [in addition to that, she is usually of a robust type, and therefore does not understand the needs of delicate people.

The best way is to make a preliminary journey,

and see that the place itself and the people in it are such as will suit your requirements.

**Preliminary** The typical farmer and his wife are **inspection.** genial souls and the essence of hospitality; but there are exceptions, and if you should chance to come across one of them, you are not likely to have much of a holiday.

Also one of the charms of a farmhouse visit lies in living with the family, sitting with them, and taking your meals at the kitchen table. You **Live with** do not expect society manners, in fact **the** would rather be without them, but you **family.** do look for polite behaviour at meal-times. A friend of mine was recommended to go to a farm in Aberdeenshire, as he was suffering from what used to be called "nervous dyspepsia." The house was all that could be desired, and the food was excellent, but the good man of the house, who occupied the head of the table, used the carving knife and fork for more than they were meant—he cut his own meat from the joint bite by bite.

Make sure, therefore, that you are going among people who will not offend your susceptibilities in any of these points, then enter into their life in every way, for it is only by doing this that you can get the best out of a farmhouse holiday. They will meet you with open-handed hospitality, and as a mark of esteem

will set in order for you the parlour, a fusty, seldom-used apartment, enough to give you the blues. Let them see that you prefer the kitchen, and that a row of hams hanging on a cord are more to your liking than ancient oleographs and wax flowers under glass shades.

Take all that is set before you, especially buttermilk, but do not try to keep up with the farm hands in the matter of quantity, for if you do you will either get appendicitis or burst. Do not adopt the superior attitude of the man from town, trying to impress the rustic mind with the privileges you enjoy as a dweller in busy places. If you do so, you will probably find that he treats those privileges with contempt, and rather pities you than otherwise. Perhaps you try to teach him, and that is a dangerous experiment. One day he may ask you, with an artless expression on his face, to take a hand in the milking. Then when the cow kicks out with its hind leg, and sends you and the milk-pail flying, your self-satisfied complacency will fall to the ground at the same time.

Treat him with respect, however, and he will teach you much that has hitherto been a sealed book so far as you are concerned. You need not be ashamed to show your ignorance, for he will think no worse of you because you do not know things that he has been acquainted with from childhood; in fact, he will be all the more pleased to point them out to you. But

he will most certainly laugh up his sleeve if you talk a lot of rubbish about matters of which you are hopelessly ignorant. Every bird, insect, flower, and tree are as familiar to him as the A B C. The whole country-side, which is to you merely a panorama to please the eye, is to him a living volume in which he may read.

The country abounds in interests for those who seek to find them, but the most fascinating of all is

the man who has been born and bred

**The** in it. He has a philosophy of his own,  
**country-bred** for he has lived close to Nature all his

**man.** life, and if you cultivate his friendship you will learn much that books have never taught you. Of course, there are dull, stupid people among the country-folk just as there are among townspeople, clodhoppers with never a thought above crops, cattle, poultry and pigs. Yet, after all, that is better than a soul cramped and crushed by the desire of money-making.

In the quiet of the country, far from the busy haunts of men, there is often found a rugged independence of thought and character such as is seldom seen amid the roar of traffic and the teeming hives of industry. Under a bucolic exterior you may often find great thoughts and high aspirations. Sometimes you may even come across the "mute, inglorious Milton," in whose heart there burns the unquenchable fire. Two townsmen were taking a walking tour through the

English Lake District, and chanced to be benighted in a lonely dale near the Scawfell region. They sought refuge in a farmhouse for the night, and after supper sat and talked to the farmer. As a concession to the rustic mind, they conversed on cattle and crops. It was a casual remark that led to a quotation, on the farmer's part, from one of the poets, and it was the host himself who changed the subject from cows to poetry. Strange to say, after that it was he who did most of the talking. As one of the men told me afterwards, "I thought I knew something of the poets until I heard that man talk about them." His whole soul was steeped in the beauty of language.

Most of us need encouragement in our hobbies. This man cultivated his in an isolated spot, a dale populated only by scattered moorland farms, and with not a single kindred soul at hand with whom he could share his inmost thoughts.

It is not always, of course, that you can meet characters such as this one, but the acquaintance of country-bred people is always worth seeking. Show your interest in all their doings, and soon their shyness will wear off, and you will have the time of your life.

Gradually the neighbours will extend their hospitality to you, and ask you to join in their festivities. You have probably been to balls in your time, but wait until you have danced on the village green in the gloaming, and you will then know something

about it. Two things are certain—you will enjoy it more than any other dance you have ever been to, and you will be absolutely breathless by the time you have finished.

You may even be invited to a funeral, and if it is in the North of England it will be an eye-opener to you. The South-country people are a genial lot, and can make life very pleasant, but they know nothing about burying. Attend one of these functions in the North, and you will be in a position to test the truth of the assertion that for downright enjoyment one funeral tea is worth a dozen wedding breakfasts.

There will be only one sad day in your holiday, the day when you must leave these kindly souls and go back to town. As you arrive at the terminus and drive through the crowded streets, with the glare of electric light, the noise of motors darting hither and thither, the never-ending throng of passers-by upon the pavements, the hurry, the bustle, and the din, your thoughts will go back to the farmstead lying in the still quiet of the after-glow, and you will wonder with surprise how you have managed to live in town for so long. You will also wonder, with dismay this time, how you are ever going to spend your days in it in the future.

## CHAPTER VI

### SOME HOLIDAY RECREATIONS

BOTH sketching and photography add enormously to the value and pleasure of a holiday, in enabling the tourist to secure permanent souvenirs of the halcyon days of his vacation. Do not suppose, however, that these are the words of an artist. It is true that on one occasion the writer was informed that his efforts in that direction possessed one characteristic in common with some of the productions of the great J. M. W. Turner. It turned out, however, as the candid friend was careful to explain, that the resemblance consisted solely in the fact that nobody could make head or tail as to what they were meant for.

Yet even those of us who are destitute of artistic skill may envy others who are endowed with the magic art. To write a book is a simple matter, as everyone knows. All that is required is a supply of paper, pens, and ink, or a typewriter—along with the necessary ideas and the faculty of expressing them. But to draw something that shall be recognisable to other people, that is indeed a gift of the gods, and those who have

this talent at their command are worthy of the highest esteem—provided they exercise it, that is to say.

The people who can sketch whatever takes their fancy carry back with them a double memento, the drawing itself and the picture in the mind. The latter no man can rob them of, neither fire nor flood can destroy it. Yet the former, the material drawings or paintings, will be a source of inestimable delight in after years, recalling many happy memories.

Therefore, make sketches of all you see that impresses you with its beauty or interest, and when you bring them home put them away carefully. It is not that I wish to imply that they are not worthy of being hung in a place of honour on the walls, but it is well to remember that we live in a hard, unsympathetic world, whose taste is not to be depended on. It is always possible that some stranger, unbiassed by ways of friendship, may, without saying so in as many words, express a preference for the MacWhirter hanging alongside your own drawing. Then your feelings may be hurt, and the glamour is gone. Keep them for yourself, and for those who will appreciate them, not for their intrinsic worth, but for the recollections they serve to conjure up.

Sketching has one great advantage over photography, in that it is invested, to a greater extent than a camera picture can ever be, with the personality of the artist. Often, too, the beauty of some scene may be enhanced

by the addition of some object, a child, a tree, a trail of smoke from a cottage chimney, not found in the original. "Then it is not correct," you may say. I have even heard people declare it is not honest. That, however, I fail to see. After all, the child or the tree or the trail of smoke *might* have been there. That they were not is an accident, so to speak, and the blame does not lie at your door.

Photography has a place of its own, however, particularly with those of us who are not adepts at drawing, enabling us also to collect pictorial mementoes of our holidays. It may even be that it has certain advantages over sketching. With all deference to artists, whom as a class I adore, likenesses are easier to distinguish when taken by the camera than when drawn by hand. Also the camera cannot lie, and that is sometimes of advantage in a world that is not always either strictly truthful or wholly credulous. A sketch of ourselves in the act of diving from a high cliff may be both interesting and thrilling, but a snapshot of the same is much more convincing.

Photography may be raised to the level of a high art, too, if practised on the right lines, that is, carried through from start to finish, and not on the "press the button and we do the rest" principle. The interest of photographing when on a holiday is vastly increased by developing and printing the negatives as you go along, instead of leaving them all to be

attended to on your return. If there is no dark room at hand, it is not difficult to rig up one as a rule. If there is no other available, you can always wait until after dark, and use a bedroom for the purpose. Even by day one can be improvised by the aid of a sheet of red paper.

Then there need be no boredom on wet days or dark evenings, what with developing, printing, and the hundred and one operations connected with this pastime. The final result is more likely to be satisfactory too, as you will be better able to judge of the light and other points essential to success. Both sketching and photography will do one thing for us that nothing else can achieve, for however much of a failure the plate may turn out, and however crude our attempts at drawing may be, the scene or object of interest will be impressed upon the mind as a casual glance can never fix it.

The various manœuvres which the hands are called upon to make, whether in sketching or photography, stimulate the brain and rouse that unseen

**The unseen** artist who is hiding his modest head  
**artist.** deep down in the recesses of the mind,  
even in some whose powers of reproducing the same objects on paper is of the feeblest description.

At an exhibition some time ago I saw a workman giving a demonstration of clay-modelling. He took a

piece of clay, and massing it round a revolving spindle, manipulated it with his fingers until in a few minutes he had converted what had been of the earth earthy into an object of exquisite form and beauty. Yet it was not his fingers alone which performed this marvellous trick, but the unseen artist, hidden in the convolutions of his brain, the power of imagination that led him to picture in his mind's eye that which his fingers reproduced in solid form. His hands were merely subsidiary agents necessary for the carrying out of the artist's purpose, as purely instrumental as the ruler which an architect uses in drawing out the plans for some stately edifice.

What this gift did for the clay in the hands of the potter, it can do for the world in which we live, remoulding it before our eyes. It is the scenic artist of life changing the perspective, so that we may detect the beauties instead of the irregularities, and tinting everything with its own vivid hues. To those who cultivate this faculty, and each one can do this either by the use of the camera or by attempts, however feeble they may be, at sketching, the world becomes a painting as compared with a diagram.

The hue of imagination is not a surface daub, but a glow which permeates the whole of a man's being. Silent and unseen, this mighty power within the depths of his nature directs him in his handiwork. The unseen artist needs but to be awaked, and as surely as

the dawn stealing across the Eastern sky brings into outstanding clearness objects which had been dark, shapeless masses, so he will, with inimitable craft and delicacy of touch, paint upon the canvas of the brain-tissue enchanting pictures that time cannot dim nor thieves steal.

Here the writer feels on safer ground, able to speak with the enlightenment of experience. For there was a time when, with the unextinguishable

**Fishing.** ardour and the boundless optimism of youth, he went a-fishing. So far as his memory serves him, he never caught anything, except a bad cold now and then. Yet herein lies a moral. Fishing and catching fish are two different things, and the one by no means implies the other. A Scotch landowner found a boy fishing in his preserves. "Come out of that," he said, "you're not allowed to catch fish there." "Wha's catching fesh?" the youth replied.

Yet that boy, like some more of us, no doubt derived a vast amount of pleasure from his sport. Personally I sympathise with him, recognising him as a fellow-sportsman, possessed of the true instinct of the fisherman. It may be that some readers will not agree with me when I say that people who catch fish only do so out of bravado, just to show how clever they are.

Be that as it may, as an adjunct to a pleasant holiday there is no better form of recreation, even if your efforts

are not attended by any material success. There is nothing more soothing to a jaded man or woman than to sit on the banks of a stream with a rod in their hands. Sit on the same bank for an hour doing nothing, and you will be bored to death. It is the rod and tackle that makes the difference, by giving the worried mind enough to think about, and in this way diverting the current of its thoughts. Then the rhythmic gurgle of the running water will gradually instil itself into the brain, and the cares and worries that have been wearing out the nervous system will be swept away into the ocean of forgetfulness.

We all remember the picture of the lunatic looking over the asylum wall at the fisherman. "What are you doing?" "Fishing." "How long have you been fishing?" "Three hours." "Have you caught anything?" "No." "Come in here."

If that demented one had had some such restful recreation to soothe his failing nerves, it may be that he would never have required to be put into that place of detention. There would be fewer breakdowns if people mastered the art of finding suitable recreations affording plenty of fresh air, without undue bodily fatigue, and devoid of nervous strain. It need not be a solitary form of amusement either, for some can fish while others sit reading or chatting. And what more delightful resting-place is there on a warm day than the cool bank of a river under the shade of the trees? Of

course, if you are going to carry the art into the realms of the professional, who fishes for what he can get, and not for its own sake, you will prefer dull weather to fine. Then you will have to be careful about leggings or sea-boots and waterproofs. But if you are going to carry out the sport just for what you may or may not get hold of, and simply with the idea of spending a lazy hour or two, the fine weather will suit you best.

Therefore, do not hesitate to take up this branch of sport if opportunity offers. Remember there is always the possibility that you may hook an unwary trout. Even if such luck is not yours, and you feel ashamed to return home empty-handed, there is generally a fish-shop somewhere in the neighbourhood, and if your way home does not lead past it, you can always make a detour to ensure its doing so.

This is playing at fishing, the way in which, perhaps, you will start that recreation. It is not the way in which you will continue to take it. For one day a genuine fisherman—I beg your pardon, I mean a man who catches fish—will make his appearance a little farther up the bank. He will look at you out of the corner of his eye, and unostentatiously work down in your direction. Then he will greet you, for all fishermen are good fellows, and will ask you if it is long since you took to this form of sport. You tell him that you have just taken it up, a fact of which he is already quite aware. Then he will take your rod and show

you how to cast a line, and you will try to imitate him, and get desperately keen about it. After that he will give you some good hints, the sort of fly to use, and the best places to fish in, shady pools instead of the broiling sunshine, and a great many more tips of that sort.

He will introduce you to other fishers too, and no matter how big a duffer you may be, they will treat you decently, for there are no better sportsmen on the face of the earth, or of the waters, I ought perhaps to say. They will ask you to join them at grub in the evening, and will talk to you as if you were an old hand at the game, and not a mere tyro.

Next day you will set off filled with ambition, trying your best to carry out the hints that have been given you. Before long you are beginning to improve, and one day there is a pull on your line, and your heart throbs with excitement as you start winding it in. Then a silvery wriggling thing appears on the surface of the water, and a few seconds later it is on the bank at your feet. It is your first trout, and from that moment you are an enthusiastic fisherman. The fever has taken possession of you, and some day you will be able to throw a line with the best of them.

You have found out now one of the secrets of a good holiday, and have got into touch with some of the best fellows you have ever come across. You have also acquired a new recreation—healthy, keen and restful—

besides adding a few more names to your list of friends. What is there that a man wants more than this ?

There are two ways of looking at a country-side, just as there are two ways of regarding a town. It does not follow that a man knows a city because

**Natural** he can find his way about and tell you  
**history.** where the different streets and districts lie. Such a person would make but an indifferent guide, and certainly a most uninteresting one. The man who knows the town is he who can show you the various objects worth seeing, tell you the history of celebrated houses, and the characteristics of the inhabitants. These points and these alone can invest a city with interest in our eyes.

In the same way a country-side is either a map or a picture, more than a picture even, an illustrated book, with fresh wonders on every page. It is a new world to many who have hitherto looked at it in a cursory manner. Gaze more deeply into it, learn the secrets of Nature, and the deeper you gaze and the longer you look the more fascinating it will become. There will be no fear of boredom now when visiting the country. The only pang will be the thought of having to leave it behind when your vacation comes to an end.

There is no false modesty about Nature. She opens her outstretched arms to all who approach her in the right spirit, yielding up readily and willingly the

absorbing mysteries that lie hidden in field and wood and stream. Then to the onlooker every landscape will become a picture, full of charm and instinct with life, animal life, bird life, the rising sap in tree and flower, and the throb of human life that comes with the sight of the blue smoke, that indicates the hidden cottage with its little world of comedy and tragedy. Every hedgerow is a mine of inexhaustible treasures, every wood a fairyland, and every stream a living museum of wonders.

The birds that fly over your head singing their sweet songs in the brightness of the morning or the quiet of the eventide, the furry things that whisk away at the sound of your coming, the insects that chirp in the grass, and the fish that dart with a flash in the clear waters, all these are your friends now, not something to be glanced at and forgotten.

How is this knowledge, nay more this friendship, to be gained? Which of all the varieties of natural history are you to take up? The choice is so endless as to be bewildering.

Then do not make any choice in particular. You are not going to aim at being a specialist, an authority on lichens or stoneworts, birds, beetles, butterflies, or any other department of natural history. What you want is something that will make every walk, every glance around you, full of absorbing interest.

It does not necessarily mean that you are going to be a collector. So if the word natural history has conjured up in your mind, middle-aged reader, a vision of yourself, hot and perspiring, rushing about with a butterfly net in your hand and coat tails flying, put the idea out of your head at once. There are plenty of people whose souls are imbued with the love of nature and everything pertaining to it, who have never brought home a single specimen of any sort. They have derived as much pleasure from their hobby, too, as others who have devoted all their attention to collecting some particular variety of flower, insect, geological specimen, or whatever else their special predilection may be.

Dabbling in a subject, getting an all-round smattering of it, may be a bad thing for a man if that subject is his work, but it is often the most refreshing, and even the most enlightening, way of treating a hobby that is to be purely a recreation. It is not that I wish to run down the ultra-specialised naturalist, for usually the person who is interested in one thing in particular is interested in other phases at the same time. Still, for all that a man may pursue one line until his mind gets into a groove and he becomes somewhat of a fossilised bore. The people who are the most congenial companions, either on a holiday or at home, are those who can give you little snacks about a lot of things, without being extra well informed on any one in particular.

Minds thrive on a variety of topics, just as bodies

prosper on a varied diet. Every fact that a man learns about Nature is a key that opens the door of another treasure house. Pick a flower, and your eye catches sight of an insect ; study a bird, and you see a tree, and beyond the tree a vista of field and wood, hill and dale, and the wonders of the ever-changing sky above them.

Think of the difference that all this makes to those who are spending a week or two in the country. Whether they are taking a solitary walk or enjoying the fun of a picnic with a party of jovial friends, they can feel around them the busy world of nature, a world with a life history that is more enchanting than any Arabian Nights' story. What is to some merely a stone calculated to bruise the toes of the unwary is to others the covering of a little town full of marvellous crawling, creeping things. The wayside ditch with its coat of slime contains a green weed which under a microscope will show the most perfect and the most beautiful spiral that man has ever seen.

If you wish to make the best of a country visit, therefore, read about all these things beforehand. The very reading will be a preliminary holiday in itself, for the student in natural history is not limited in these days to dry didactic volumes, with endless lists of jaw-breaking names. In no department of literature has there been a more welcome change than in this one. It would be invidious to mention any by name,

but there are scores of books published now that will admirably answer your purpose. These volumes do not deal simply with any special phase of natural history, but treat the matter from a much more useful and interesting point of view, taking up, for instance, the hedgerow, the field, the wood, the stream, etc., and telling you all that is to be found in them, both of animal and vegetable life.

Many of these books are described on the title-page as works for children. Then some of us must still be in that stage of life, or have got into our second childhood, for certainly we find them most fascinating, a good deal more so, in fact, than many other volumes presumably written for grown-up people. These books are astonishingly cheap, too, and well within the reach of all. In fact, the same may be said of the paraphernalia necessary for the pursuit of natural history in any form. Even the microscope, the most costly of the whole lot, does not need to be either elaborate or expensive. A comparatively low power is all that is required: you are going to enjoy yourself, not to undertake elaborate research.

The best of this hobby is that it does not end with the holiday, nor even with the specimens which you may bring home with you. There will never be any lack of amusement on dark winter evenings, for a vast library will be at your command, a library as entrancing as the best novel ever written. You can do more than

read too, for though you may be doomed to remain in a town for the greater part of the year, you need not be deprived of your new-found hobby. London contains some of the finest moth collectors in the world, just as it contains some of the finest athletes. It is an application of the saying that the more difficult a thing is to acquire the more do people appreciate it. Many a town-bred man puts country-born people to shame in both of these respects.

It will do something more than provide a congenial pastime. Of all the forces which influence the imagination there is none more powerful than the love of Nature. The study of her lore is something infinitely more than a means of personal enjoyment, valuable as it may be from this point of view. I have known a man's life transformed after the scales had fallen from his eyes, and the wonders of animal life and the beauties of landscape dawned upon him. Previously he had led a colourless, mole-like existence, until a natural history lecture roused him from his torpor, and he discovered what he had been missing. His whole outlook on life broadened, and his views on many subjects enlarged to a degree that was almost incredible to anyone who had previously known him. It was not as though merely a fresh interest had been grafted on to his life, but as if some new mysterious influence had pervaded every part of his being, bringing to light unwonted phases in his character, as the gentle touch of spring

will thaw the frost-bound earth, causing it to blossom and bring forth fruit.

A chance word may work this miracle, shifting the self-centred gaze away to the wide sweep of the horizon, as a dropped pebble will turn the still surface of a stagnant pool into a series of ever-widening circles. The study of insects or wild flowers does not end in itself, but irresistibly draws the eyes of the searcher beyond the immediate object of his pursuit, over land and sea and sky, until the growing artist within him has changed his mind into a storehouse of paintings that will make him an interesting companion, and also prove a solace to him in his lonely hours.

Place such a man where you will, in the country for a holiday, or in a busy town after his return, and he can never be dull, for he has acquired the power of investing everything he sees with beauty and meaning. The changing seasons become something more than events of the calendar, and reveal, each in their turn, new sources of delight. The sweet freshness of spring, the riotous wealth of midsummer, the dying glories of autumn, and the sleep-like stillness of winter, these all transpose their different scenes, and each scene conveys its own particular message.

They will reveal something more than this, too, for those who have learned to read the face of Nature have learned also to read the faces and the hearts of their fellow-men. Then every street scene becomes a

cinematograph display of human emotions, with the vivid contrasts which the stream of life ever portrays—the honest workman and the lazy loafer, the lady of fashion and the thinly-clad charwoman, the prison van side by side with the lordly equipage. And underlying it all they will see in their mind's eye the one great force which links humanity together, the bond of sympathy blending its diverse elements into one harmonious whole, as the deep chord on which a symphony is founded binds its various passages, major and minor alike, into one mighty musical poem.

Brick and mortar may cause fields and woods to disappear, but they cannot shut out the glories of the sunrise and the sunset, or the wonders of the starlit sky, and the veriest town-dweller may lift his eyes to the jewelled heavens and feel his mind transported beyond the cares and worries of his daily life.

## CHAPTER VII

### A WALKING TOUR

It would be interesting to take a census of active men and women as to which form of exercise is the best, taken all round. In forming their opinions it would be necessary to take into account both its attractiveness and the facilities it affords for being carried out. Tennis and cricket demand fine weather, and are summer games. Hockey and football are winter ones. Golf can be played all the year round, and probably golf would receive the largest number of votes.

Health-giving and pleasurable as it may be, however, there are many people who cannot get it for one reason or another. They have not the time, perhaps not even the money, to spend on it. Also there may be no links handy. Yet there is another form of exercise which can be carried out summer and winter, in town and country alike, without any entrance fee or subscription, and with no expense save that of shoe leather. That exercise is walking, and as a means of keeping fit, combined with a delightful recreation, it is unsurpassed.

I wonder how many of my readers have looked upon it in this light. Usually it is regarded as a form of

locomotion, a necessary duty, a mode of getting from one place to another when there is no easier way. Few consider it as a pastime, few know the joy of walking for walking's sake, the thrill of pleasure and the glow of health that bound through the whole system when the legs have got into their stride and the body into its proper and easy swing.

How many people have experienced the springy feeling that comes into the muscles, so that they seem to act purely spontaneously, almost unconsciously on the part of the one who is walking? How many have felt the delicious sensation of treading on air, as if the trunk and limbs had lost the sense of weight? How many have ever known the ecstasy of that restful fatigue, the feeling of well-being and delicious languor that steals over mind and body alike at the end of a long walk?

There are few who have known all this, simply because there are so few who know *how* to walk.

It is an art we are all supposed to **How** learn in early childhood, but those who **to walk.** wish to participate in the delights of pedestrianism as a recreation will find it necessary to learn it over again after they have grown up. If walking were taught in schools, as it ought to be, this would not be needful. Yet it is well worth the learning, for it confers a double benefit. The walking which we are called upon to do in the

course of our work will become a pleasure instead of a necessary evil—even a pain—as it so often is ; and we shall have acquired another pastime for our leisure hours, that can be carried out at any time and in any place, and will surprise us by the sheer enjoyment which it brings with it.

It will do even more than this, for it will enable people to take part in that most acceptable form of vacation, the walking holiday.

Unless you know how to walk properly it is useless to attempt to take part in a holiday tramp.

People are usually incredulous and affronted if you tell them that they are walking wrongly. To convince them, make them keep in a straight line along a stretch of sand or muddy road. Then draw a line midway between their footmarks. The chances are that these marks will be four or five inches, perhaps even more, on each side of the line, and the farther away they are the worse sort of walking it is. In fact, it is straddling, not walking. Get someone who has mastered the art to cover the same ground, and note the difference. If the footmarks diverge at all on each side of the line it will not be for more than an inch or two, perhaps they will even be found to correspond exactly with it.

When covering long distances a little latitude is permissible, as it is more enjoyable, but it should never be more than an inch or so on either side. When it is

more than this the body has a sideways movement akin to the sailor's roll, and this means a great deal of unnecessary exertion and a considerable loss of ground. After careful measurement I have ascertained that the loss amounts to one foot in every fifteen. That means about a hundred and twenty yards in each mile. On a tramp of twenty miles, that would amount to nearly a mile and a half.

Furthermore, it would imply a great deal more fatigue, for it is not only the loss of ground and the constant movements necessary to maintain the body balance, but there is a lack of that forward motion which is such a factor in propulsion. When the feet are kept in a straight line or nearly so, the body falls forward at each step, and this adds to the ease of walking in a manner that is simply incredible until it has been experienced.

The length of stride is an important point. Each individual has his own, and it is not necessarily in direct proportion to his height, though of course as a rule tall men take longer steps than short ones do. Most people take too long a stride, especially if they have a long way to go. It is a mistake, as it tires the thigh muscles, and consequently less ground is covered in the end, whilst the subsequent fatigue is much greater. When two or more people are walking side by side it is much more comfortable if they keep in step. Therefore if two men arrange to take a tramping

holiday together it is important that they should have been accustomed to each other's company, and so have fallen into each other's stride. If one takes a two-foot step, from toe to toe, and the other a two-feet six, it is hard work for the former to keep up with his companion.

Anyone who is going to do much walking should know his pace also, and keep within it. A good pedestrian is able to walk the mile in twenty, fifteen or twelve minutes, that is three, four or five miles an hour, without looking at his watch. If you are going to take a walking tour, it is essential that you should acquire this art, in order that you may get the maximum amount of comfort and enjoyment out of it.

The best way is to time yourself over a single mile, and see what you can do it in. Then take off a mile an hour for long distances. Suppose you can do the mile in twelve minutes, that is five miles an hour, your average rate for a day should be four miles to the hour. If you are only a moderate walker, and take fifteen minutes to the mile, an average of three miles an hour is sufficient for you. You are going for pleasure, not to win a race.

The best test is the breathing. As soon as this becomes an effort, in fact as soon as you become conscious of your respirations, you are over-doing it, and must slacken your pace. Comfortable breathing is

indispensable to good walking, and it should always be done through the nose. Then more air is inhaled at each breath, and it is also purer, being filtered as it passes through the nostrils. That would seem to indicate that a walking tour is to be as silent as a funeral. Not so, however. A good walker can talk through his mouth and breathe through his nose at the same time. If you do not believe this statement you do not know how to breathe properly.

Practise all these points before you set out on a tour of this sort. Then you will have done more than ensure a satisfactory holiday. You will have gained knowledge and skill that will be a valuable asset every day of your life. Make certain that you can cover the greatest amount of ground you will have to encounter in any one day of your tour, and cover it without undue fatigue or discomfort too, before you set out. Some weeks of training are always advisable, as you will spoil your holiday otherwise.

Then arrange your tour according to your capabilities, fixing the daily distance at what you can do comfortably, not at what you can simply

**Arrange** toil through. As a general rule twenty  
**the tour.** miles a day is enough. Many men can do more, and any able-bodied fellow should be able to do twenty with ease, but there is no object in trying to carry it to your farthest limit. If

you get to the end of your day's march feeling as though you would like more, you are at liberty to stroll about in the neighbourhood after taking your evening meal.

This is, in fact, an essential part of a walking tour enabling you to see places of special interest on the route. Not that you need wait until evening to do this ; plenty of time should always be left during the actual walking hours for the same purpose. There may be an old ruin which you feel disposed to explore, or a fine view that you would like to linger over, and it is folly to hurry on simply for the sake of covering as much ground as possible. Above all, you need to have leisure for those wayside chats with the villagers and other travellers on the road. It is these little haphazard encounters which make the charm of a walking holiday.

If the weather happens to be hot, it is a good plan to loiter during the afternoon and do the remainder of the journey in the cool of the evening. There is no more enjoyable time for walking than from tea-time onwards.

Whilst it is a pity to make yourself a slave to a settled plan, it is always advisable to know where you will find a resting-place for the night. It does not do to trust to luck in securing a suitable lodging. You do not want luxury, but you do want cleanliness and an airy bedroom. If you leave the matter to chance.

you may either have to put up with unpleasant quarters or else walk miles farther to get the accommodation you require. The day can look after itself. A good meal is more easily obtained than decent sleeping apartments.

Yet it is always well to take your meals at regular times, or as near them as you can manage it. You may go on walking for an hour or two

**Meals.** after the midday meal is due without much discomfort at the time, but your digestion and your powers of endurance are sure to suffer later on. An empty stomach may be the best for a pedestrian race, but for continued walking it is a mistake. On this account it is equally bad to set off before breakfast. You may enjoy starting out in the fresh morning air, without the bother of waiting for a meal to be cooked, but it will tell against you before the day is done.

It is also a mistake to be in too great a hurry to set off immediately a meal is finished, particularly the midday one. Take a rest after it, and enjoy a chat with the innkeeper and the people around. You may use the same time for having a smoke if you are a worshipper of the fair Nicotine. Smoking when you are on the tramp is detrimental both to your capacities for walking and your powers of enjoyment. It is better to make a special job of it, either at the places where you take your meals

or when having a lounge, say on some hill-side or by the banks of a stream in the welcome shade of the trees.

If you have done a good morning's walk, a rest in the horizontal position, with the legs as high as the head or even higher, is a wonderful restorative.

It may be that there is no stopping-place *en route* where you can get food, as in crossing moorland, for instance. If so, take good care to carry provisions with you. An excellent meal, and the best for walking on, is a supply of sandwiches or bread and cheese with plain chocolate. You can add dessert in the shape of walnuts, but do not forget to have them cracked before you start, and to take some salt to eat them with.

Thirst is another point to be considered. It is fatal to good walking to drink too much, even if the liquor be of the most innocent descrip-

**Thirst.** tion. The best thirst quencher is the saliva, and the most efficient way of stimulating this is by means of a piece of crust, or even a pebble, in the mouth. If you must drink something, however, take care to sip it very slowly. Gulping it down will mean discomfort soon afterwards, and a return of the thirst, perhaps in an aggravated form.

As to the kit necessary, this should be as simple as

possible. One thing is essential, however, if you wish to have a good time of it ; it is a change

**Kit.** of clothes for the evening, after your tramp for the day is over. It is just then that a good swab down in warm water and a complete change of clothing will make all the difference to your comfort. A set of light under-clothing and a flannel suit can be packed up into a small space in your knapsack. The former is an advisable precaution after your tub, especially if you want to sit about outside in the cool evening air. It can also be used in place of pyjamas at night.

For walking a rough tweed suit is best. It is porous, and therefore allows perspiration to evaporate, and at the same time it is the best material for keeping out the wet if rain comes on. A mackintosh is a superfluity, as it does not permit of evaporation, and a clammy skin is more likely to lead to a chill than are damp clothes. Better get wet through, if it cannot be avoided, and change at once when you have the opportunity.

Knickerbockers are not so requisite as they are popularly supposed to be. Many good walkers find that they can get on much better in long trousers and socks, which do not tend to constrict the veins of the legs.

The most vital part of the whole equipment is the footgear, which should be strong, but not too heavy.

If the uppers are too weighty they become a burden. Yet nothing tires the feet more than thin soles. Test the boots well before leaving home, to make sure that they are comfortable and in good repair. If you have any tendency to corns or tender feet, a visit to a chiropodist is well worth the money. Take with you on your journey a tin of dusting powder, composed of boracic, chalk and oxide of zinc, and apply this to your feet each evening after bathing them in tepid water.

The rest of the kit consists of a pair of slippers, clean pair of socks or stockings, brush and comb, toothbrush and shaving tackle. Further supplies of underclothing can be sent on to you at given places. You should also take a map and a compass. It is useless to trust to the natives on the line of route, either as to direction or distances. They have about as much idea as to the latter as they have of the fourth dimension. And they are little better as to direction.

Having made these various preparations and digested these simple hints, you are ready to start upon your tour. If it is the first of its

**The start.** kind in your experience, a welcome surprise is in store for you. Now you are independent of the hard, high road, with its traffic and dust, far more so even than the cyclist, for you have no machine to consider. Apart from the question of punctures, you can shape your course as you like.

Rutty lanes, pleasant meadows, shady woods, breezy hill-tops, they are all one to you now. No matter what the lie of the country may be, you can make a bee-line for any object that takes your fancy, or avoid a flat, dull stretch of land by choosing a more interesting route. Hill or dale, river or pasture land, it is all the same so far as you are concerned.

One thing also you will see as you have never seen it yet, and that is the country people amongst whom you pass. You will have many a chat that will long live in your memory. If you are fond of nature in any shape or form, scenery, beasts, birds or insects, you can indulge your fancies to the full. There is no holiday for getting to know the country like the tramping tour. The world is at your feet, and you can take your pick of delectable valleys or wide-spreading moors, of wooded dales and cool, inviting streams, of picturesque villages where you will be received with the kindest of hospitality.

At any time you like you can jump a hedge and walk along the fields, which are comforting to the feet and grateful to the eyes. Of course, in doing so it may be that you will find yourself trespassing. Do not be alarmed at this, for it will not land you into trouble, provided, that is to say, you follow the hints I am about to give you. Here again, as in the case of fishing, I speak from considerable personal experience.

Know, therefore, the law of trespass. Not the law as

it is, but as it ought to be ; not the law as laid down by a benighted Parliament, which knows nothing about the matter, and carried out in fusty Courts of Justice, falsely so called, but the law as it appeals to every right-minded man and woman.

You have climbed a hedge or jumped a wall, and find yourself in a pleasant enclosure with cool glades and surrounded by verdant luxuriance. Also there may be pheasants. In addition, there may be a pole with a square board at the top. If so, you will modestly lower your eyes and avoid seeing what is written thereon. By this you will be enabled to proceed in happy ignorance, and with a conscience void of offence. A gamekeeper hoves in sight, and according to the manner of his address your method of conducting your share of the inevitable conversation will depend.

In any case be polite. If he speaks to you in an offensive and high-handed way, say how surprised you are to find you are trespassing, thank him for his information, bid him good-day, and pass on. He will be too astonished at your coolness to call you back until it is too late.

If, on the other hand, he is a decent sort of fellow, simply apologise briefly and ask him if the squire or the earl, or whoever else the landowner happens to be, is at home. If he is in residence. change the subject abruptly ; if he is not, say how sorry you are, as you would have liked to call and have a chat for the sake

of old times. Then talk about pheasants, and you find out the weak place in his armour at once. Let him see that game is the one absorbing interest in your life, poachers, trespassers and other objectionable people of that sort your chief abhorrence.

Meanwhile guide his footsteps in the direction you wish to take, and shortly afterwards, when you part from him at the edge of the preserves—the opposite side to that by which you entered—you will feel that you are parting from a friend. You exchange cordial farewells with him, and go on your way rejoicing.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CLIMBING

Is there such a thing as a narrow-minded, mean-spirited mountaineer ? Or a cantankerous, irritable one ? Or a fussy, nervy, worrying one ?

I ask this because, though born and bred in the lake district, where mountaineers abound, I have never met any who correspond to the above description. There are narrow, irritable, nervy people in mountainous places, but they are only found among those who stay in the valleys and eschew the summits.

If you have any cobwebs in your brain that need to be swept away, get on to the top of a hill where you may look down on the world and take a bird's-eye view of things. It is not only the earth, with its fields and woods, dales and streams, that such a view will comprise. By the time you descend you will take a broader outlook on life in general.

This chapter is not written for experienced mountaineers or those ambitious for great and difficult ascents, involving crag-climbing or any such hazards. It is for the benefit of those who wish to make the best of their holiday, and having the opportunity, would like to refresh themselves with a breath of the pure,

keen air of the summits, and enjoy the wide-spreading views that these afford. And what a difference every few hundred feet make, as the air becomes lighter and more elastic and the expanse of country widens on all hands.

To appreciate the wonder and beauty of it all, however, it is of no use to reach the summit jaded and tired. It is then that you should be at your best, fresher, in fact, than when you set out. In order to do this, you must know how to climb in the proper way. What is more, you must know what you are capable of and what not. If, after exercising every care and following out all the hints given you, four thousand feet prove more than you can do in comfort, you must be content with less. If two thousand are too much, stop at half that height. Because you cannot climb as well as some others, there is no need why you should be ashamed. The climbing giants have their limitations, and one can do more than another, and the experts are always the first to acknowledge the fact.

After all, though you may not get the same expanse of country at lower altitudes, you can often find the prettiest views. The charm of a lofty summit does not lie in the scenery alone. Often it matters little to the real mountaineer whether there is a view at all or simply a mass of cloud. The getting there, the long climb with its various hazards, projecting masses of rock to negotiate, precipices or "chimneys" to be

scrambled up, ledges where the head must be kept cool and the nerve steady, or a yawning chasm is waiting for him hundreds of feet below ; then an easier slope to follow, where the climber can get into his stride, and that most delightful of all feelings comes to him, of treading on air, as if his well-trained muscles were automatic springs that took him upwards of their own accord ; this is what the experienced mountaineer revels in.

Then when the great summit is reached at last, there is a something in the vast, deep solitude and silence of the everlasting hills that is like nothing else on earth. Nor is it given to everyone to realise it, for it needs the soul of the mountaineer to appreciate the feeling, and it is a thing that a man is born with or without as the case may be. It is largely a matter of birth and training, and not easily to be acquired in later life.

Yet even if you cannot go so far as this or share in feelings of this kind, there is an enormous amount of pleasure awaiting you if you will take up climbing from a less ambitious, but not less enjoyable standpoint. Even if your aim is scenery, you may soon reach a stage at which the climbing itself becomes the keenest of delights, a recreation instead of a toil. Then you will have a twofold pastime, for you will not only enjoy the climb itself, but will also be in the best frame of mind to appreciate the glories of the view when you reach the top.

The first thing to do is to see that you have plenty

of time to get to the summit and back again. Walking against time is bad, even on level ground, **Take plenty** for there is an element of anxiety added of time. which has a worse effect on the heart than over-exertion. Needless to say, haste in climbing is infinitely worse. Therefore if you are in some place where there is a tempting mountain, and you have but a short time at your disposal, be content with the lower slopes, and do not attempt the higher. You had better even simply look at it from below than spoil your holiday for the next few days by over-fatiguing yourself.

The next thing is to have a pair of strong boots with plenty of nails in the soles and heels. You are not meaning to do rock-climbing, but **Footgear.** remember that grass slopes are equally dangerous. It is on them that the great majority of accidents occur.

You are ready to start out, but there is a worry on your mind. You are going with a party of friends who are all climbers, more or less, and you **Find out** wonder if you will be able to get to the your top. It is nothing out of the way, only capabilities. a matter of, let us say, 2,500 feet, but it is a great deal more than you have ever previously attempted. Are you to undergo the mortification of having to stop and turn back before you reach the summit ?

There is no need for anyone to suffer from anxiety on this score. You could easily have settled the matter one way or the other before leaving home. Even supposing that you live in comparatively level country, there are few districts which do not possess a hill of two or three hundred feet in height. And by means of this you can test yourself beforehand, apart from getting the necessary training to enable you to climb easily and comfortably when on your holiday. You have only to go up and down this hill ten times in succession, save for an occasional rest, and you have made the ascent and descent of a mountain. You start on your vacation with the knowledge that you can do it, and that you will find a great consolation.

If you are going to a place where there is a steep climb, which your companions propose to take, you can again test yourself. Borrow a church tower and climb the winding staircase, two steps at once, for a number of times in succession. That will tell you without any doubt whatsoever what your capabilities are. You will know then whether or not your thigh and calf muscles and your heart also are equal to the strain.

Do not lose sight of one point. What you are incapable of at home you are equally incapable of when on a holiday. So if you fail at the hill or the winding stairs, acknowledge the fact in your own mind, and tell your friends that in your opinion mountains look

a jolly sight better from below than they do from the top.

Unless, however, your constitution is at fault in any way, heart, lungs or any other particular, you will be surprised how rapidly you improve in your climbing with this preliminary practice. Begin it soon enough though, not simply a few days or a week before starting on your vacation. Do it a bit at a time, not attempting too much at first. Then gradually your lower limbs will cease to feel as if they were either over-distended pneumatic tyres or solid blocks of wood, as the case may be. The muscles will harden up, and then get that springiness which means that you are becoming fit.

In beginning a mountain climb set off easily for the first part of the way. You feel energetic and enthusiastic, but that is no reason why


**The start.** you should make the last part of the ascent an irksome toil. Therefore do not rush at the hill; it will not run away before you get to the top.

Provide yourself with food if you are going to be away for hours. It is astonishing what an appetite mountain air gives you, not simply a

**Food.** longing for food but a fierce craving for it. If you are a magistrate and have once experienced this craving, you will never again sentence a starving man for stealing bread.

As you ascend you may find your legs beginning to

ache in an almost painful manner. Preliminary climbing going up and down smaller hills is fine training and a fairly capable test, but you must bear in mind that in climbing a mountain you are not going alternately up and down, as in the other case, but steadily upward. The same muscles are being used all the time. If your discomfort is solely in the lower limbs, and you feel all right in other ways, the great thing is to keep on. If you have trained yourself beforehand, so far as circumstances permitted, the aching will gradually pass off. But if you sit down and have a rest, by the time you get on your feet again your legs will be too stiff to move, or at any rate to do any more climbing.

There is another form of discomfort which is a much more serious matter. If you find, in the course of ascending a hill, that your breathing becomes embarrassed, you should stop **When** becomes embarrassed, you should stop **to stop.** at once and take a rest. If, on starting afresh, it is again troublesome, especially if accompanied by a pain or feeling of distress in the chest, there is nothing for it but to give up.  It is annoying, even humiliating, but it is better to own up to it than to suffer from an impaired heart for the rest of your life.

It would seem unnecessary to say that people with heart or kidney mischief, and those who have a disposition to asthma, should avoid mountain climbing.

Apart from the exertion, the rarefaction of the air may have a disturbing effect on the circulation. More particularly does this apply in the case of people staying at a high altitude, as in Switzerland, for instance, and making climbs of two or three thousand feet from that point. Then the distress may be acute and dangerous into the bargain. Those who are not certain as to their powers are well advised to consult a medical man before attempting any climbing.

Mist is a contingency occasionally met with whilst mountaineering. Then, unless you have a guide who knows his way in the dark, the best thing

**Mist.** you can do is to stay where you are until it clears. It is irksome and tedious, but not nearly so much as being laid up for six weeks or so with a broken leg or other injuries. It is also better than being dead, which you may be if you keep moving and fall over a precipice.

It may happen that even in a comparatively easy climb you may be called upon to encounter a bit of real rock climbing. You and your friends

**Rock climbing.** have asked someone staying in the hotel if the mountain is an easy one. He has told you that it is quite easy. And so it is probably, for him. But that does not say that it is at all easy for people who are inexperienced in the art of climbing.

If this should occur remember one thing, the hands

are vastly more important than the feet. If, whilst holding on with the hands you should slip, it is still possible to keep yourself from falling. But no matter how firmly your feet are engaged, if your hands are free there is nothing to prevent you from being precipitated to the bottom, and a wild grab at anything within reach is rather worse than nothing at all.

Giddiness in looking from a height is a sad trial to some. If you are afflicted in this way avoid going too near the edge. You may try to be

**Giddiness.** brave, but if you cannot keep your head you may endanger not only yourself but others as well. Sometimes, however, it cannot be helped. You may find yourself in a position where you are bound to be on the edge of a steep place, as in walking along the edge of a cliff. In that case bear one thing in mind, nervousness is always aggravated by defective respiration, either holding the breath or breathing in a hurried, spasmodic manner. You will find that you can tolerate the height very much better if you take deep, full respirations, filling your chest to its utmost at each breath. Also remember to look either straight ahead or upwards, never in a downward direction.

The descent would seem to be an easy matter, but it needs as much care in many cases as the upward climb.

It is on the grass slopes that most  
**The descent.** accidents occur, and always to the inexperienced. Someone suggests having

a run down, the long grassy curve looks so tempting. Now there is nothing more thrilling than such a run, provided you have had plenty of practice at it and know what the slope ends in. There is nothing more terrible, however, than for a man to find that he cannot stop himself, with the possibility of the incline terminating in a sheer drop somewhere in its course.

It would almost seem as though the risks and dangers of mountain-climbing were so numerous as to make it scarcely worth the while. Far from it, for once you know these risks they do not exist for you. Bear in mind the various points I have laid down, and you are safer on a mountain-side than in crossing a street. If you are able-bodied and have sense enough to take proper care and precaution, there is no finer or more invigorating sport. Wait until, for the first time in your life perhaps, you are a few thousand feet up, and you will bear me out in this statement.

For up there, with everything in your range of vision below you and nothing but the heaven above you, life will course through your veins as it has never done before. Your body will feel lighter, your senses keener, and your mind will be filled with a thrill of glorious, triumphant freedom.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE CYCLING TOUR

A DOZEN years ago a cycling holiday would have meant a tour on an ordinary push bike. To-day more of these machines are used than ever before, but not for purposes of touring. In this connection they seem to have gone out of fashion to a great extent, having been replaced by the motor cycle.

When we come to consider the matter, the ordinary bicycle has a good many drawbacks when employed for touring. It also misses many of the

**The** advantages of the walking holiday. **The**  
**ordinary** cyclist is limited as to choice of roads,  
**and the** for without a decent surface riding is  
**motor cycle.** toilsome work. The most interesting  
routes lie through hilly country, and it  
is a vast deal pleasanter to walk up a hill unencumbered  
by a machine than to push one up.

The cyclist, having to keep to good roads, is bound in these days of motoring to swallow everybody else's dust, as he is constantly being passed by motor-driven vehicles. The extra distance traversed in a day is not great enough to give him a corresponding advantage

over the pedestrian, and he sees less of the country and its people than does the latter. If the weather should turn out wet or cold a man is more comfortable on his feet than on an ordinary bicycle. There is nothing more disagreeable than cycling in the rain. Apart from the greasiness of the roads, a waterproof, while it may keep out the wet keeps it in also, with the result that the cyclist is in a lather of perspiration before long.

The amount of luggage which can be carried without being an actual burden is not sufficient to compensate for other disadvantages. Economy was one of the attractions of such a tour, but if a man is strong enough to take a holiday on an ordinary bicycle, he is strong enough to walk, and on the whole he is better advised to choose this form of recreation.

In spite of all this, however, the old push bike has its uses as a mode of touring. There are people who cannot afford a motor cycle, and wish to go by road instead of by train. It may be that walking does not appeal to them ; perhaps they are not adepts at it, and feel unable to acquire new tastes. Or it may be that they suffer from tender feet or varicose veins, and cannot walk big distances even if they feel inclined to do so. Therefore, whilst I have pointed out the inconveniences of this form of touring, it is with no intention of discountenancing it altogether.

If, therefore, it still answers to your requirements,

a few hints as to how to make the best of such a holiday may be of service.

**The** First of all have your machine well  
**ordinary** overhauled before you start. If there  
**bicycle.** is any doubt as to the durability of the  
tyres, the purchase of a new set will be  
money well spent. Stopping, especially in out-of-the-  
way places, to repair punctures is not only a waste  
of time, but has a worrying effect which does much to  
depreciate the value and the pleasure of the tour.

Your kit will be of much the same description as that required for a walking tour, except that in addition to the knapsack you can have a bag or case or a bundle wrapped in oilcloth attached to the bar or the front of the handles. This will enable you to carry more in the way of luggage. In addition to the flannel coat and trousers, underclothing, stockings or socks, slippers, hairbrush, toothbrush, shaving tackle, map and other small trifles, you can take a sweater, a set of pyjamas, a light waterproof, and one or two other things that may seem to you desirable.

At the same time do not overload yourself with any unnecessary impedimenta. Even when cycling, every pound tells in the long run.

Map out your route, and do not attempt too long distances for each day's run. See that you are capable of riding these distances without undue fatigue. Preliminary training is as important as in the case

of a walking tour. It is well to arrange that each day's ride ends within easy range of a railway station, so that if one morning you get up to find pouring rain you can cover the next stage by rail. It is better than the misery of cycling in a downpour.

Walk up the hills unless the gradient is easy enough to be comfortable. The change from cycling to walking will be a rest in itself, even if you have to push your machine, and you will do the day's run in better time and with more enjoyment than if you struggle up a steep incline. Speaking of hills, one of the most valuable accessories is a three-speed gear.

With the aid of precautions such as these, the presence of a congenial companion, and ordinary decent luck in regard to weather, a holiday on an ordinary bicycle may be made a pleasant way of getting about the country, and it is certainly an economical one.

When we turn to motor cycles, the inconveniences associated with the other sort seem to disappear as if by magic. So far as any effort is

**The** concerned hills cease to exist. Then,  
**motor** too, you pass other motor vehicles  
**cycle.** instead of being overtaken by them.

The costume required even in fine weather is a protection against rain. The amount of luggage which can be carried is as much as any reasonably-minded person needs for a touring holiday.

The man who wishes to take his dress suit with him had better stay at home, or failing that, go to Buxton or Bournemouth and recline in a Bath chair.

It is possible even to carry the materials for camping when people wish to combine this form of holiday with the cycling one. This question will be discussed later on in the chapter devoted to that subject.

It is even more important than in the case of an ordinary bicycle to have your machine thoroughly overhauled and make sure that it is in good running order before setting out. See to this yourself, and do not take anyone else's word for it. You may get a repairer to assist you in the matter, but unless you know the mechanism of your motor cycle, and can carry out all the ordinary repairs, you had better not take one out for a tour. Otherwise you may find yourself stranded at the back of beyond, out of sight of any human habitation, without the slightest idea as to what has gone wrong or how to set about finding out the defect. The motor cycle tourist needs to be more than an expert rider if he wants to have an enjoyable holiday and a reasonable chance of returning safe and sound.

It may seem absolutely superfluous to remark that before setting off it is advisable to learn to ride. Even to myself such a warning would savour of a joke, were it not that in one case, that I know of, a man, determined to make the plunge boldly, jumped on

a motor bike, and discovered, only when the thing was fairly going, that he did not know how to stop it. His plight was much the same as that of the Dutchman in the old song, "The Cork Leg"—an ingenious mechanical contrivance which apparently had excellent running powers, but no means of being checked, with the result that the unfortunate Dutchman was carried over vast tracts of the globe until at last he consisted of a skeleton and a cork leg. The motor cyclist referred to might have been running to this day if the petrol had held out, had it not been for a fellow cyclist who saw his plight, and running alongside him, succeeded in bringing the machine to a standstill. The rider was not a skeleton by this time, but he was the ghost of his former intrepid self.

Learn to ride, and to ride well, also to be acquainted with all the intricacies of the machine, and able to give it the requisite attention each night. Then you have the whole country in the hollow of your hands; distance has been obliterated. You are a busy man, living in a large town, London for instance. Work has been pressing of late, and worries accumulating, until you feel as if you must clear out of it all and get right away. The range of your peregrinations is limited only by the time at your disposal. But even if this be short, say a week, you can make a great deal more of it in this way than by any other mode of travelling. In a few days you can be among the Lakes, or by the

Cornish sea, or in the Highlands of Scotland, and have had a rattling good time in getting there.

The best of it is that no time is wasted in travelling by train. Your holiday begins at the moment you leave your own doorstep. Someone else's holiday begins also if you have a wife, for probably she is quite as much in need of a change as you are, perhaps even more. If you are anything short of an inconsiderate brute you have a trailer or a side car, which can be used for her benefit. There may be a kiddy too, who will be all the better for a week's change. If so, bring the little one along with you, so that it may have its share of the fun.

By the end of the first day you hardly know yourselves. You have left the town, the business with its worries, the house with its cares, behind you. You are, let us say, a hundred miles from your usual dwelling-place, not being a scorcher, whose one idea is to go as far and as fast as possible, regardless of scenery, places of interest, or other people's comfort on the road. Yet with that hundred miles you have transported yourself and your companions into a different climate, different surroundings, different ways of talking.

That means that you have secured a complete change in every way, and change, as we have already seen, is the essence of a holiday. That change began as soon as you put your feet on the pedals. If you had taken the journey by train you would still have had

time to bother your head about the business you had left, cudgelling your brains as to whether you had put everything in order before leaving, or whether you had not forgotten to attend to this, that or the other. The care needed to drive your cycle properly has proved an excellent antidote to worry.

There is one other adjunct to health, one of the most vital, which you have been acquiring all day long, the fresh air, which is the very elixir of life. There has been no necessity to sit and wait for a welcome breeze. You have made your own as you have been going along, making it, too, in abundant measure. The child is looking better already, with a colour in its cheeks such as has not been there for months past. The wife's face has lost the lines that had been showing up of late. You yourself are feeling as if ten years had been taken off your age.

Fresh air is Nature's greatest restorative to body and mind alike. There is nothing like it for blowing away the cobwebs. And it is never obtained more freely than when rushing to meet it with the life-giving breeze fanning your cheeks and filling your lungs to repletion.

## CHAPTER X

### THE MOTORING HOLIDAY

WHEN we speak of a motoring holiday we are not referring to a party of four or five persons touring the country in a large, luxurious, high-powered car. People who possess cars of this type do not need to consider how to make the best of their holidays; they belong to the wealthy, leisured classes, who get plenty of change, often more than is good for them. A book on "How to stay at home and make the best of it" would be more to their advantage.

One hint I can give them, though, as to how they can get more enjoyment out of the motor tours of which they are, perhaps, becoming almost satiated. That is to drive the car, instead of sitting in it under the guidance of a chauffeur. More than half the pleasure of motoring, especially of touring, is for one of the party to take the wheel, or for several to take it one after the other. The disadvantage even of this is that with a car of much size or horse power a chauffeur is still necessary to attend to the cleaning, overhauling, even the starting of it, also to be at hand if anything goes wrong. The finest car in existence becomes a

veritable white elephant when it comes to a standstill in some outlandish part of the country. In that case, unless you are expert at finding out what has caused the hitch, or have a chauffeur with you, all that is left for you is to scowl at the thing, as Mr. Pickwick and his friends glared at the recalcitrant horse.

The presence of a chauffeur is little short of a nuisance. If you drive the car he has to sit alongside of you, while your friends occupy the inside seats. If he is driving and you tell him to pull up, so that you may all get out and admire some fine view, he stares at you as if he thought you had taken leave of your senses, and while you are gazing at the scenery he looks straight ahead, with a detached expression on his countenance, as though to inform the passers-by that he has no connection whatsoever with the party of lunatics near at hand.

There is a delusion still extant that motoring in a large car is an economical way of getting about the country. People save their railway fares, and four or five travel at the rate of a penny a mile for the lot, the supposed but fictitious price of the petrol consumed. As a matter of fact it is one of the most expensive ways of travelling. Let those adopt it who can afford it, but if you are thinking of taking a holiday of this sort, make up your mind at once that it is going to cost a great deal.

Yet, in spite of all we have just said, we do not

despise this form of touring. It has its advantages, and a great deal of enjoyment can be had out of it ; on one condition, however, viz. that it is taken in someone else's car and not in your own.

Most of us do not get chances of this sort often, if at all, and our motoring has to be conducted on less ambitious lines. Our consolation is that

**The** a small car is capable of giving us as  
**small car.** much enjoyment as the finest giant of the roads, nay, much more, for it has distinct advantages of its own. That superior being, the chauffeur, does not limit our conversation, or awe us with his presence, and if anything goes wrong a small car is much more easily dealt with. It can be pushed into the hedge or the nearest outhouse or barn while investigations proceed. It is less trouble to clean, less exertion to start, less anxiety to drive. It has all the good points of a motor cycle and side seat, with perhaps certain added conveniences. Many ladies are less nervous in a car, however small, than in the other form of vehicle.

Of late there has been a tendency towards smaller cars, the outcome of which has been the advent of the cycle car, which bids fair to be the popular motor of the future.

Since these cycle cars and other efficient small cars have placed motoring within the reach of people of moderate means, there has been an increasing number

of motoring tours. There must be, therefore, each successive season a good many people taking one of these for the first time, and the following hints, common knowledge as they probably are to the initiated, may be of service to these new-comers.

Arrange your luggage in convenient form, and practise packing it on the car the day

**Luggage.** before starting, otherwise you may find on the morning of your departure that half of it has to be taken out and re-arranged, or left behind.

Bear in mind that motoring, especially over long distances, is always cold work. Therefore put on your thickest clothing, even if the weather is

**Clothing.** hot, and do not be abashed if your neighbours inquire if you are going to the North Pole. You need not enter into lengthy explanations; simply tell them that you are not going to stay there, but that it is one of the places you mean to visit.

A thick coat is not necessarily a warm one when travelling through the air at twenty or thirty or more miles an hour. Closeness of material is more important than thickness. Leather linings are the most efficient way of keeping out the wind. If your means do not run to this, an excellent substitute can be found in sheets of strong brown paper. Things are not always what they seem in this world, and there are more

brown paper linings than the uninitiated have any idea of.

It is not sufficient merely to have warm outer coverings. All your clothing should be thicker than you would be wearing in an ordinary way at that season of the year. There is one disadvantage in this, as you will find out before long. However bright the day may be, you are feeling only just warm enough and no more, in spite of the extra garments you have put on, and you are wondering, as you fly along, why the pedestrians are looking so heated. Later on you pull up for lunch, and the reason is apparent, for you suddenly feel too hot to breathe. It may be that you had arranged to spend a few hours midday in exploring the neighbourhood, or climbing some hill in the vicinity. Before you have been walking for many minutes your clothes have become a burden, and you feel half stifled.

To avoid this, the best way is to arrange your tour so that only a short interval is allowed for lunch, and the day's run ends at tea-time, or thereabouts. Then you can go to your room and change throughout into garments that are more suitable for walking or climbing. Another advantage of this plan is that it gives the person who is responsible for the car plenty of time to do the cleaning and other necessary operations in daylight.

At the same time, you can add to your comfort by

removing the dust with which you are probably coated.

Your hair may be powdered with it too,

**Dust.** and if so do not make the mistake of washing it, for in that case you will almost certainly be condemned to appear in public with a clay-coloured wig.

Your mouth and nose are most likely lined with dust, too, and if this is allowed to remain it may be the source of a bad throat or a nasal catarrh next day. Rinse out your mouth with an antiseptic gargle, and lubricate the interior of your nostrils with menthol vaseline. This will make all the difference to your comfort for the remainder of the evening, and probably for the next few days as well.

Many of these dust colds might be prevented by the use of veils, and ladies should never motor without them. Unfortunately, custom does not allow of the members of the male sex benefitting in the same way. The alternative in their case is to keep their mouths shut. Ladies will find that a well-arranged motor veil will also prevent the hair from becoming clogged up with dust, as it is certain to do if exposed to the air.

Goggles are of great service in relieving the strain upon the eyes, and in preventing the ophthalmia to which motorists are liable, owing to the action of this pernicious dust in the atmosphere.

The effect of motoring on the nerves has always to

be considered. Much of it is due to the habit, which many people have, of keeping a constant **Motoring** and anxious look-out for obstacles ahead. **and nerves.** It is a useless proceeding, for if the car is going to run into something, you cannot possibly, unless you are driving, do anything to avoid the accident. Therefore, put the idea of misadventure out of your head, and look at the country on either side instead of at the road in front of you.

There is another form of motoring, cheaper than touring with even the smallest car, and well within the reach of all, no matter how moderate **Electric** their means may be. It consists in **tram tours.** travelling by electric trams. Whilst it is not available in many parts of the country, most interesting tours can be planned out in certain districts, especially the Midlands and throughout a great part of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

When touring in this manner it is possible to see everything, long stretches of beautiful country, as well as towns. Almost every hour the passenger can alight and have the privilege of visiting, within easy range, places that are well worth seeing, either for their scenery, their historic associations, or for any other reason.

Luggage can be taken, containing quite as much as is necessary, and placed on the conductor's platform. When the weather is fine, you get all the benefits of the fresh air and sunshine. When the rain comes on you

go inside. There is no worry as to the car breaking down ; should it do so, you get off and wait for the next.

If there is any other sort of motoring which more closely approaches the ideal, one would very much like to hear of it.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE CAMPING HOLIDAY

THE much-discussed problem of the August holiday might be solved to some extent if camping were more in vogue than it is at present. Two

**Camp** families left home together at that  
**v.** season, the one to go into lodgings at

**Lodgings.** the seaside, the other on a camping expedition. That same evening you might have seen the former in their new quarters, and might have wondered almost why they had not chosen the better part and stayed at home. The rooms were the best they could secure, but during that month, unless you have abundance of money to throw away, you must put up with what you can get.

They were paying a good price for their apartments, but were sadly cramped for want of room. The poor mother was nearly at her wits' end to know where to stow the luggage. The sitting-room was cramped, compared with what they were accustomed to, and the accommodation as regards sleeping was the reverse of healthy. People can put up with small rooms by day, for they mean to spend all their available time

out of doors, but they are bound, children particularly, to exist for nine or ten hours at a time in their sleeping apartments.

Needless to say, the landlady and her assistants were nearly run off their feet. Whether you stay in lodgings, boarding house or hotel during the month of August, you cannot expect proper attention.

The other family were established in their camp by this time, a couple of tents to wit. There was no cramping here, no difficulty as to surplus luggage, no stuffy bedrooms. A carpet of green grass, a ceiling of leafy tracery, with the opal of the evening sky showing through, and the pure air of heaven all around them. There was no bustle or hurry, no flurried maidservants rushing about ; only the cheerful voices of the campers, as they set about preparing the evening meal, with the sights and sounds of country life all around them.

They were going about their duties in a methodical manner, for this was their second camping holiday. The previous year they had spent at the seaside in the same way, on the outskirts of a popular resort, near enough to it for the youngsters to go there when they felt inclined, and so get their share of the fun and amusements, yet far enough to be out of the crowds and dust and noise. Their floor had been the dry sand, and instead of a bedroom choked up with boxes, they had had a vision of the ocean when they woke up in

the mornings and stuck their heads outside the door of the tent.

"They must have been a robust family," someone remarks. Not so, however ; on the other hand, one or two of the children had been subject to

**Precautions** colds, and the first camping holiday had

**against** been taken with some misgivings on the

**the** part of the mother. There were no such

**weather.** forebodings the second time, for

experience had taught her that those same youngsters did not catch cold when living in their tent, even if they happened to get a wetting. They had done what every family should do when camping, and had hired a room in a cottage near at hand, where they could stow their surplus luggage, and so be sure of having plenty of dry things to put on if the weather turned out bad.

This precaution will do away with any dread as to the weather. The bedding may get to feel damp, but if arrangements are made with the woman of the cottage to have it aired when necessary, the campers are free from dread of any contingency of this sort. In choosing a site for such a camp, it is well to have it near some dwelling, especially a farmhouse. Then you can get milk and eggs and other like necessities. Also if the worst comes to the worst, and the weather should be actually stormy for a day or two, you have shelter at your disposal.

As a matter of fact, you will find that the weather is not of nearly the importance you might think beforehand. The free life and abundance of fresh air, by day and night, will make you almost independent of the elements. Get a really good tent, or two if necessary, and learn how to fix it up properly. This is the secret of a camping holiday. So get some friend, experienced in such matters, to instruct you in putting it up, and practise at home until you are thoroughly efficient. Then it can rain or blow as hard as it likes; you are safe and snug in your temporary home.

Remember, however, that it is not only from above that you must protect yourselves, but from the ground also. Every bed should have beneath

**Damp-proof** it a piece of oilcloth or some such **floor.** material impervious to damp. In the case of a large party, such as a family, the easiest plan is to have a large sheet of this spread over the whole extent of the ground inside the tent. Then you have a damp-proof floor that will be of service both day and night. A circular piece of wood, such as the top of a round table, is even better still.

In the case of a fixed camp, as compared with one that is shifted day by day, mattresses are a great aid to comfort. They are also safer as to health than lying on a blanket which rests on a piece of oilcloth. Have a good thick blanket on the mattress, and you are as

safe as in your own bed at home. Sleeping bags are also a great acquisition when camping.

It is a good plan for the father and the boys to set off before the rest of the family, so as to get the tents ready for occupation. They should all, and not only one member of the party, have learned the art of fixing them up. An ignorant helper may be the cause of a weak place in the tent. Then it may be that one night you will dream that you are in the grip of an octopus, which is entangling itself around your legs and threatening to stifle you. You wake up to find that the wind has risen, and that the tent is on the top of you.

A spirit stove for boiling water and for cooking is a handy contrivance, It may not be so picturesque as lighting a wood fire, but you will be glad

**Stoves.** of it some morning when the sticks are damp and you are ravenous for your breakfast. Stoves can now be had which will answer all your requirements, and at comparatively little cost too. Another contrivance which you will find of great service is a self-cooker. It consists of a large tin containing receptacles for the food, and either metal discs which are made red hot by means of the camp fire, or spaces into which you pour boiling water. The outer covering is composed of non-conducting material, on the same principle as a thermos flask. The advantage of these self-cookers is that the meat and vegetables, or whatever

else it may be, are put in after breakfast, let us say, and left there until evening. Then you can leave the camp for the whole day while you go off for a picnic or excursion of any sort, and come back at nightfall to find a hot meal awaiting you.

As to cups and saucers, knives and forks, dishes and all such things, take as many as you are likely to want. Space is no object in a fixed camp, and in addition to your own comfort you have to consider that of the friends who are sure to come and pay you surprise visits during the course of your holiday.

If it is your first experience of camping, you may find that you will not sleep well for the first night or so. Do not be disappointed at this, for it

**Sleeping.** is only natural. To those accustomed to the four walls of a bedroom there is a feeling of strangeness in the surroundings, which is sufficient to keep the brain from sleeping. The rustling of insects in the grass, the sough of the wind among the trees, or even the unwonted silence to those who have spent their days in a town, are all most discomposing at first. Only at first, however; after that they will lull you to sleep, even supposing that you need any lulling, which is doubtful.

You are in the habit, let us hope, of keeping your bedroom windows open. But that is a different matter from having the air all around you, and at first this may give you a feeling as though you were taking

a chill. Do not let this idea worry you. Chills were never yet due to fresh air, but to the lack of it. Your feelings are a form of nervousness, and the air will soon strengthen your nerves in this respect as in many others.

From that time nothing will upset you. A week previously the thought of an animal looking down on you in your slumbers would have given you a fit. Some night when a stray donkey sticks its head through the slit in the canvas, you will calmly look up and inform it that there are as many asses inside the tent already as it is capable of holding, then shoo it away, turn over, and go to sleep again.

If you have never camped out, it is doubtful if you have known what real, refreshing sleep is. Instead of the heavy stupor from which you awake feeling half stupid, or the broken sleep when the brain is never absolutely at rest, you will have a whole night of the deep, untroubled slumber of childhood. And each morning as you wake up it will be to find a surprise awaiting you. In place of walls and furniture, you see, as you look out of the tent, a leafy glade with the early sunshine glinting through the trees and the dew sparkling on the grass, or a broad stretch of sand and rolling waters. The same surprise each day, yet always fresh.

There is no worry as to whether the maids are up or whether preparations for breakfast are going on. In

a few minutes the whole family is busy, lighting fire or stove, getting water from the spring, and doing a host of other things, which seem so much more romantic and enjoyable out of doors than within. Perhaps it is some time since you were ready for a good breakfast, your appetite needed stimulating. If you are the mother, your morning meal has probably consisted hitherto of a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter, whilst your mind was taken up with household cares.

That is done away with now. So far as you are concerned, there is no such thing as a house, or worry, or trouble. As for appetite, you may find yourself chewing a slice of bread whilst waiting for breakfast. It will need no marmalade or even butter to get it down. You will have found out how it is that the navvy can eat his junk and relish it without any of these aids to appetite. Never again will you call Esau a fool for having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

When you return home your neighbours will scarcely know you. It may be that you will hardly know yourself. You will go to bed and wonder how you could ever have thought it comfortable. When you get up and go into the boys' room to see how they are getting on, it is not unlikely that you will find them on the floor, wrapped up in their blankets, and with windows and door wide open. They will not sleep on the floor next night, for the chances are that by

that time they, and the girls too, have fixed up tents in the garden and are sleeping there, with the fixed determination never to occupy a bedroom again.

It follows as a matter of course that next summer you will have another camping holiday, and to vary

the proceedings and see more of the

**Caravan** country, you move about from place  
**holiday.** to place instead of keeping to one

site. There is no more charming way of seeing the land, either for the members of a family or a party of acquaintances, than by hiring a caravan, and setting off gipsy fashion whither the spirit may lead them. The vehicle will hold all that you need, including camping equipments, so that the men and boys may sleep in tents, while the females occupy the caravan by night.

Let me give the men a piece of advice, however. Take two tents, for if you take only one the probability is that after the first night or two the ladies will make use of it, and send you into the caravan.

Now you are true nomads, and the wide world is your own. You can leave the dusty high road and turn aside into leafy lanes, making a fire and cooking your food, then lolling about or pursuing your favourite hobbies or getting up games, until you feel inclined to make a move again. It is like an eternal picnic, and the mortal who desires more than that has no right to be alive.

Then, as you jog on once more, fresh scenes open out. You have time to appreciate them too, for the wonders of Nature are reserved for those who approach them gently, giving them time to unfold themselves in all their mystic beauty; they are not for those who rush at them, through them, and past them. The motorist may fly past you with a condescending, half-pitying smile. He little thinks that the pity is on your side, mixed with a touch of contempt.

It is infinitely restful this quiet, jog-trot way of travelling, yet always with some new object of interest, some fresh beauty spot in the heart of Nature, some enlivening bit of fun among those who have given themselves up to it, and have come out determined to enjoy themselves to the utmost. Whether you are strong and well, or somewhat delicate or nervy and run down, try this sort of holiday. Even after all the encomiums I have passed upon it, I am not afraid of your verdict. Personal experience alone can convince you of its true delights.

It may be that your party is a small one, yourself and a friend only. A caravan is too large for your requirements, but you can find an excellent and more easily-managed vehicle in the shape of a pony or donkey and cart. A canopy can be erected in a home-made way by means of bent laths and canvas. This will act as sufficient shelter, and if you do not wish to have to put up a tent at night, and yet desire to sleep

out, it will serve admirably as a shelter for the night, while you tether the animal to an adjacent tree.

This plan of travelling is well suited for a couple of girls, who wish for a free, healthy, and economical holiday. They can always get the use of a field at some farmhouse for the night, and they are well-advised to pitch their nightly tent near some dwelling, and so have a measure of protection.

Cycle camping is adapted only for men, and for robust ones at that, we may add. It is a splendid

holiday, but demands a lot of physical

**Cycle** strength to do the day's run and the  
**camping.** packing and unpacking that are  
necessary. It is no joke to have to fix  
up a tent every night after covering, say, a hundred  
or hundred and fifty miles in the day, and to pack  
it all up and get it into position on the machine next  
morning.

For this, we may remark, is a work of art. In addition to the camping equipments there is the personal luggage, and the result is a minimum of each which leaves little margin for comfort. Two men may set off for such a tour with the idea of luxury the farthest from their minds, but they must have some change of clothing for the nights, and other articles such as shaving tackle, toothbrushes, handkerchiefs, plates, spoons, knives and forks, and a stove for cooking their food, to say nothing of the food itself.

Make out the smallest possible list of requisites, and arrange them on a motor cycle, or even two, then add the tent, pole, pegs and materials for bedding, and when you have done it to your satisfaction, or even done it at all, show the rest of us how you have managed it.

You will find that it has taken you a fair amount of time, and when you bear in mind that it has all to be taken down at night and put up again each morning, it is more than likely that you will leave the camping requisites behind and use the remaining space for your personal luggage. You are not likely to be left stranded for want of a place to lay your head in for the night. If a man on an ordinary bicycle finds himself at dusk far from the nearest town or village, it means a longer ride than he is inclined for after his day's run. The motor cyclist who is in the same position at nightfall thinks no more of ten miles than of the same number of yards.

A combination of boating and camping is about as good a way of spending a holiday as could be wished.

A rowing boat or small yacht will hold all that is required, and be found a most delightful way of travelling. Camping requisites do not make a heavy load, even when the boat has to be propelled by oars, and the boat itself can be hired on very reasonable terms.

With a craft of this sort a party of young fellows can have the time of their lives. They can cruise about the Norfolk Broads, pitching their tent in some convenient centre, or carrying it about from one part to another. These Broads are best adapted for a sailing boat, either a yacht or a rowing boat capable of carrying a mast and sail. The latter is cheaper, and more convenient in case there should be no wind.

For river work, as on the upper reaches of the Thames or the Severn, a rowing boat is more suitable than a larger craft. With materials for camping, the party is independent of inns or other stopping-places for the night. They can pull about during the day to their hearts' content, and fix up their tent in the evening at any site that pleases their fancy.

Perhaps the most invigorating holiday of all for boatmen is to fix their camp in some bay or estuary where the yacht can be safely moored near at hand. Then they can cruise about either coastwise or seawards, exploring the country as far as the water will take them, or sailing out on the briny, amusing themselves with fishing or bathing, or landing at different places on the coast to climb the cliffs or roam over the sands, watching sea-birds or collecting eggs or flowers, or anything else that is suited to their tastes.

Or if the weather is dead calm they can let their boat drift, and be as idle as they like, going to sleep, or reading or doing anything else they choose. As to

reading, there is one delusion which I would shatter at a blow. Undergraduates have been known to choose this form of holiday as a suitable time for working up for exams. Never was there a greater mistake. There is no time for such reading, for more important matters occupy the hours and engross the attention—a bird flying overhead, a sail or a trail of smoke in the offing, a hundred things to catch the eye and call for remark. With laudable ambition, the student has set out armed with the necessary literature, determined to use the passing hours profitably. His motto is, “*Ars longa, tempus brevis est.*” Before the first evening has gone he remembers only the latter half of that quotation, and has made up his mind that, time being short, the best thing he can do is to make the best use of it, and not spoil a good and all too brief holiday by fogging his brain with the stale stuff that books contain.

He is wise in this, for if he tries to combine the two he will most assuredly spoil them both.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE SEASIDE

WHAT is it about the sea that so irresistibly attracts the people of this island kingdom? It may be some touch of romance, such as lurks in the minds even of those who seem to outward showing the most prosaic of their kind. Or some kink of heredity, a drop of blood in the veins from some Viking ancestor. Or the thought of its greatness, its far-spread, restless reaches—all its vague immensity, as Longfellow has called it.

Or is it the sense of freedom which it inspires, the feeling as if the thoughts were carried away over the far horizon into realms of space beyond? Byron hit the mark when he wrote—

“O’er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free.”

The sight of the ocean tends to sweep away all that is local and parochial, cramped and narrow. The waves that swirl about our feet, as we stand by the shore watching the incoming tide, seem to bring us into touch with distant lands in all parts of the globe, colonies

that have drawn away sons or brothers from the family circle, tropic seas burning like molten lead in the scorching sunshine, coral islands with waving palm trees.

Man's view is broadened as he looks out over the deep. His whole mentality, if he be a town dweller, is altered. Perhaps that is the most obvious reason why people long for the sea. It is a complete change. Those who live in a town can see green fields, trees and pastures at times; even if they have to go a few miles to do so, these things are within reach. They can only get the sea occasionally, and every now and then a craving for it comes over them. Those too who live in country places feel occasionally as if they are shut in, and long for a wider outlook. The sea calls them in like manner.

It is not only that the seaside is a change in itself, but the face of the ocean is always changing too. The sea that is shining like burnished glass to-day, or an expanse of glittering blue flecked with white-topped waves, may to-morrow be a surging mass of angry billows, formidable and threatening under banks of lowering clouds. It is never the same from one day, even one hour, to the next.

There is a freshness about ocean breezes scarcely met with elsewhere save on mountain-tops, and it is not everyone who has the power or the inclination to climb the latter. The wind comes off the sea laden

with life-giving properties. It is no imagination. You do not need to look for the direction of the breeze, for your own feelings will tell you whether it is blowing off the land or off the sea.

Whatever the reasons may be, and they are bound to differ with different individuals, the sea always has a fascination of its own, whether it be in some big resort or in a tiny fishing village. Yet we hear people say sometimes that it does not agree with them, they feel heavy and dull, perhaps suffer from headache or disordered liver, and return home more tired than when they set out.

Undoubtedly there are some, such as those suffering from heart disease or asthma, who do not feel well by the sea. Yet how many persons out

**Why the** of every thousand are afflicted with  
**sea does** these or other like ailments? After all,  
**not suit** the great majority of persons are able-  
**some** bodied, and when they complain of  
**people.** lassitude and other symptoms during  
a seaside holiday it is usually because of

conditions for which they themselves are responsible. If people who are tired out with the noise and racket of a large town choose some popular resort, made up chiefly of glaring sands without one patch of verdure or shade, endless promenades, crowds of people, bands and motor char-à-bancs, they must not be surprised when they find their nervous symptoms

worse than they were at home. If they spend their days lounging about, taking little exercise, listening to the band on the pier in the morning, sitting in crowded concert halls or winter gardens in the afternoon and evening, and the intervening hours on a promenade seat gazing at the passers-by, they must not complain if their heads ache. If they eat more than they are accustomed to, and smoke or chew sweets to an inordinate degree between meals, they must expect their livers to go wrong.

When the robust members of a sea-going race like ours begin to talk of the seaside disagreeing with them, it is time to give up or to find the reason why.

Next time any such persons visit the seaside let them take their meals in moderation, keep their tobacco and sweetmeats within reasonable bounds, and take plenty of exercise. Let them play games on the sands, run races, have donkey rides if they are so inclined, take vigorous walks, anything, in fact, except spending their time in sitting down or lolling about.

They may have a round of golf or go out fishing, or indulge in any hobby they have a fancy for—gathering shells or marine plants, studying sea-birds, or a dozen other such pursuits. That is one of the advantages of going to a place which combines the attractions of a seaside resort with natural scenery, instead of one that consists of an endless row of hotels and boarding houses on a stretch of land as flat as

a chessboard. The surroundings are more tempting as to walks, and the greenery is a welcome rest to the eyes as compared with the glare from interminable sands.

Then, after a day spent in some such way as this, they may lounge about in the evenings as much as they like, listening to the band, visiting places of amusement, or watching the lights on the water. Rest which has been earned is very different from indolence, and vastly more enjoyable.

One of the most charming seaside holidays is that spent in a fishing village. The inhabitants themselves

are a source of unbounded interest, and

**The** you can spend many a happy hour  
**fishing** chatting with them, or watching them  
**village.** as they sell and barter their fish. Is

there in the wide world so pretty a picture as when the fishing-boats set out to sea? Is there anything more wonderful than a haul of mackerel when the surface of the water shivers with myriads of these creatures, and the net is thrown with infinite skill around them, and the silvery fish are hauled to land?

You can hire a boat and amuse yourself with pulling your family or your acquaintances about the harbour and its vicinity, or can ask the men to take you out in their smacks and teach you how to lend a hand. You will not feel livery after that, even if you had been doing so before.

Take your camera or your sketching block, and you will bring a mine of treasures home with you to call back on winter nights happy memories of the days you spent in that little community, memories of a tiny world so absolutely different from your own in every way that your holiday will have enriched you with something far more endurable than the mere enjoyment you got out of it at the time.

When people, who are taking their seaside holiday discreetly, as to diet, exercise and so forth, feel out of sorts without anything definite

**Bathing.** to complain of except lassitude and similar symptoms, it is usually due to some fault in bathing. Although this is one of the most invigorating amusements, it does not suit everybody. Needless to say, people suffering from heart trouble or severe rheumatism should avoid it altogether. There are some, too, who find that, no matter how carefully they bathe, they do not feel up to the mark afterwards. Their appetites fail, or they feel tired for the rest of the day. It is owing to the fact that the chill of the water, instead of refreshing them, appears to affect the working of the liver and digestion. The test as to whether bathing does or does not suit people depends not only on their feelings immediately after they leave the water—in other words, as to whether or no they get into a comfortable glow in a few minutes—but even more as to how they feel later on, when the

next meal is due. If they can sit down with a good appetite and enjoy it, the bathe has done them good.

As a rule, however, when bathing does not suit people it is not because of any peculiarity in their constitutions, but owing to some fault in the way they have carried it out.

Usually it is because they have got chilled to a point beyond what their systems will stand. Probably they have stayed in too long. The length of time that people can spend in the water varies very much in different individuals. It does not follow that if a man cannot remain in for more than ten minutes he is a weakling. Some of the best swimmers, who have won short distance championships, have not been able to stay in for more than a quarter of an hour at the most without becoming so chilled and cramped that they could hardly move their limbs. Probably it would be found that there are numbers of strong swimmers who could swim the Channel, so far as stamina is concerned, had they but the faculty of withstanding the chilling effects of the water.

Ten minutes to a quarter of an hour is as much as most persons can tolerate with comfort. It is a mistake to remain in after you feel chilly or cramped.

People often lose half the benefit of a bathe through going into the water feeling cold, especially about the feet, due to delay in undressing. This part of the programme should be carried out with all dispatch, and the legs and feet should be the last parts to be uncovered.

In other cases it is because they are chilly before they start undressing. There is a notion prevalent that an empty stomach is desirable for **Hot drink** those entering the water. Now while **beforehand.** it is not advisable to bathe immediately after a meal, it is almost as bad to do so when the system is in want of nourishment. Bathing before breakfast is all very well for lusty, strong young fellows, but it is badly suited as a rule to other people. If bathing is possible only at this hour, or at other times when a meal is nearly due, a cup of hot tea or soup will make all the difference between comfort and discomfort, benefit or risk to health.

Then undress as quickly as possible, and lose no time in entering the water and getting overhead.

After this do not make the mistake of **Undressing.** standing up with the body and half the length of the lower limbs exposed to the air. It is the evaporation which is more chilling than the temperature of the water. In this connection we may say that the temperature or force of the wind has far more to do with the sensation of cold than the sea-water itself. This may solve the difficulty which puzzles many people, as to how the sea is so warm one day and so cold the next. If a thermometer were used it would probably be found that the heat of the water had scarcely changed if at all, and that the difference was due entirely to the wind.

On this account a pool left by the tide is better suited to some people than the open sea. It is more sheltered, and the water has been warmed by the rays of the sun.

The shock on entering the water can be mitigated by remembering to take deep, full breaths, instead of letting the air be jerked out of the lungs. If it is your first dip for the year, make it a dip and nothing more. By next day you will be able to stand it much better.

There is a prejudice against having two bathes a day, but two or even three short ones are decidedly less risky than one that is too lengthy.

Dress with the same rapidity as you undressed, drying your feet and putting on your socks or stockings first. Keep this part of your anatomy

**Dressing.** warm, and the rest can take care of itself. If you are feeling cold by the time you have finished dressing have another hot drink to revive your circulation.

Carry out these directions, and so long as you are in fair health, even if not robust, you need have no fear as to bathing. On the contrary, you will find it one of the most enjoyable and invigorating items in a seaside holiday.

Swimming needs to be carried out with even more discretion than bathing. The death-roll which every season seems to exact of holiday makers consists

**Swimming.** of swimmers rather than of those who have not acquired the art. Theoretically

it should be the other way about. The reason is that bathers usually keep within their depth, while swimmers go out farther than their capabilities warrant them in doing. Then they get into currents or other sources of difficulty, and are gone before help can arrive. Anyone bathing in a strange place should make careful inquiries as to currents, depths and other such matters from trustworthy residents before going into the water. This also applies to diving, especially on a rocky coast. A comparatively shallow rock may be hidden from sight even in what looks like clear water.

Cramp may attack the best and strongest swimmer. Yet when this happens it is almost always due to his having been in the water for too long a time. If it occurs, the only thing to do is to turn over on the back and float. One of the first essentials in learning to swim is to practise floating, not only with the lower limbs outstretched, but also with them bent. The former method is not of much use if cramp has crooked up one of your legs into a bent position.

Another source of danger, and the most lamentable of all, because it is so utterly unnecessary, is larking in the water whilst swimming. Frolic as much as you like in shallow water, but forbear such idiotic tricks as catching hold of someone's leg while they are swimming out of their depth.

Sailing is a delightful sport, but do not imagine,

as some people appear to do, that all that is required is to hoist the sail before you start and

**Sailing.** take it down when you return, A sudden squall may come on, even on the calmest day, and if you are not experienced, or have no boatman with you, there is likely to be a catastrophe.

Rowing is as good an exercise as you can wish for, and every able-bodied man and woman should be able to do it more or less. The occasion may arise when you are the only person at hand to go to the assistance of someone in difficulties some distance from the shore. So learn to row whenever you get the chance, and you will find it a fascinating and healthy form of sport.

It would be a useless piece of presumption on my part to give any instructions on the art of rowing, but one hint may be of service. Were it not for what I chanced to witness at a seaside place some years ago it might appear unnecessary. It is this: you will make better progress if you sit with your face to the stern of the boat instead of the bow. The people I saw had chosen the latter position. However, if they did not get any farther, but rather backwards like the traditional crab, they afforded a vast amount of amusement to hundreds of watchers on the shore. If you are a utilitarian, willing to sacrifice your own good for the benefit of mankind, you may follow their example. But if you want to get your boat through the water you will sit the other way round,

## CHAPTER XIII

### A LONDON HOLIDAY

IT requires almost a forcible twist of the mind to turn from green fields, country lanes, breezy moors, and foam-flecked seascapes to the bustle and roar of London streets. Yet to some who spend their lives in quiet country places or by the sea, may not this very bustle have the same invigorating effect as others find in the restfulness of the country or the breeziness of the seashore? A storm-tossed craft, tired of battling with the waves, may be thankful to rest for a while in some sheltered haven, but another which had been cooped up in some quiet backwater may be equally glad to launch out into the current.

There are many people accustomed to the parochial atmosphere of a village or country town who feel better, physically as well as mentally, the moment they emerge from the railway terminus into the roar of London traffic. They may be as fond as they like of their neighbours and acquaintances, but there is no denying the fact that it is a treat for them occasionally to walk along streets where they know no one, and where no one knows them. It gives them a sense of freedom,

such as that which a townsman feels when he looks out over an expanse of ocean or some wide-spreading landscape. Some such emotion must have swept through the mind of the man who gave the best description ever written of London, as the only place in the world where you can eat a penny bun in the street and no one will look at you.

That man knew more of London than the other who said that it was the most deadly dull place on earth up to 7.0 p.m. There may be some people whose experience of the metropolis begins, continues, and ends with dinner at a restaurant, theatre and supper to follow, but we trust that they are few in number. To any man or woman with intelligent pursuits, the resources of London are almost unlimited, and the days of their holiday will prove all too few. They can get the best of amusements, calculated to meet every variety of tastes, but the daytime need not be yawned through in dreary waiting for the evening to come. On the contrary, every hour can be profitably and enjoyably spent.

It is not the aim of this book to turn itself into a guide-book of the metropolis. There are plenty of such treatises vastly more explicit than the present writer could hope to make one. They only fail to be of service to most of the visitors simply because the latter neglect to avail themselves of them. When people take a continental trip, the first thing they do is to beg, buy,

borrow or steal a suitable guide-book. The consequence is that many individuals born and bred in England, even in London itself, know more about Venice or Rome, Paris or Brussels, than they do of their own metropolis.

Then read up your London before starting, and from that time it will become a totally different place from what it has ever been before, no matter how many times you may have been there. Make up your mind what you want to see, and map out a rough programme beforehand with the aid of a map, at the same time getting a clear idea into your head as to the best ways of reaching the various places. For want of such simple precautions, many persons waste more than half their holiday. It is not much use putting down the Tower and the Wallace Collection for the same morning, especially if you have only the vaguest idea as to how you are to get from one to the other.

All the same, do not make yourself a slave to the programme. If you do so, you may find yourself in the British Museum on a gloriously fine day, and taking a trip up and down the river on a pouring wet one. So long as you have mornings or afternoons mapped out, you can take them in any order that fits in with the weather and other conditions.

There was a time, not far back either, when a char-à-banc load of tourists being carted around raised a smile of amusement, tinged with contempt. That time is

passing now, for many visitors are finding that by taking one or two of these advertised tours through London they save a vast amount of time, and see a great deal that they would otherwise miss, seeing it too much more comfortably than if they did it on their own account. It would be interesting to put some Londoner who had spent his whole life in the metropolis as conductor of one such tour, and see what he could tell the others of the various places visited en route. The probability is that he would know rather less than the majority of the people he was supposed to enlighten. It would be a case of the totally blind leading the partially so.

Some of you, however, say that all this does not apply to you ; you have read diligently, and know all about the Abbey, the Tower, the Tate Gallery, and all the other usual places of interest. You can find your way about quite well, from Bond Street to St. Paul's, from Oxford Street to the Embankment.

Do you suppose for one moment that because you know all this you know London ? This is where the written word is so powerless, where the public speaker has such an overwhelming advantage over an author. For that sentence is meant to express incisive, withering scorn, and neither italics nor capital letters can convey the right inflection.

There is a London outside and inside all that part which few have ever explored. If you want to have a

really enjoyable holiday in Town, get away from the beaten tracks and explore on your own account. Make a bee-line, or as near as you can get to it, from Oxford Circus to the middle of Fleet Street. Potter about the riverside near the Tower, and talk to the bargees and other amphibians to be found there. See (and hear) Billingsgate. Find Sairey Gamp's house off Holborn, and the Old Curiosity Shop, and scores of other places immortalised by Dickens. See the place where Dr. Johnson used to take his meals, then walk up Fleet Street in the shadow of his portly form, and that of his chronicler Boswell.

Dive into Whitechapel and Seven Dials, and see how the poor live. Take a walk due north from Gray's Inn Road for a few miles, and however deeply your sympathies may have been roused on behalf of the slum dwellers, it will be nothing to the pity you will feel for the thousands, the hundreds of thousands, who are striving to make an honest living, and just managing to keep body and soul together. Another day you may travel from Park Lane via Lancaster Gate to Chelsea, and see how much money there is in the land. After that you might stroll down Piccadilly, and see greater contrasts than you can ever witness in any other town in the world, wealth and poverty, splendour and rags, side by side indiscriminately. London is the city of contrasts.

Even now a picture comes back to me of an episode

I have never forgotten. The scene was Hyde Park Corner, the time a sunny afternoon, in the height of the London season. The stream of carriages—it was before the days of motors—flowed without a pause through the gates of the park. Suddenly a policeman's arm shot out like a semaphore, and the traffic came to an abrupt standstill, blocking the entire roadway in both directions. It seemed as if the world's pulse had suddenly stopped. Then the lords and ladies of the land looked down from their grand equipages while three ragged little slum children, pulling a dilapidated go-cart, minus one wheel and containing a wooden doll battered out of all recognition, strolled deliberately and unconcernedly across the entrance to the opposite pavement.

Have you ever studied London from what we may call the pictorial aspect? If so, you have acquired a hobby in which you can indulge either summer or winter, day or night. You will need no programme for a holiday then; all you have to do is to set off from your hotel door in any direction you like, and London streets will be to you a picture gallery, teeming with romance, humour and tragedy. You can spend weeks of enjoyment without ever entering a building, and will see more of human nature than you have ever beheld in all your life before.

One entertainment you should not miss, if it ever comes your way. It is the Lord Mayor's procession,

not as seen from the Law Courts or some such position of vantage, but as viewed in the vicinity of Moorfields, or some other point adjacent to the East End. There will be no formality, no feeling of constraint. The proceedings will partake of the conviviality of boon companions, of whom the Lord Mayor himself will be regarded as the chief, and they will be conducted with all the outspokenness of a family party.

Only once was I fortunate enough to enjoy this privilege. May it be my lot again some day. The retiring Lord Mayor and the newly-elected one were greeted with equal cordiality. One individual standing near by seemed to be on equal terms of friendship with them both. "Ta-ta, old cock!" he said to the retiring dignitary, "you guyve it me pretty 'ot, but Oi desuvved more 'n I got." Whether the rhyme was intentional or the unconscious work of a poet born, not made, I cannot say. The newly-elected he strove to put at his ease at once. "Buck up, old chap, we shall meet agine soon!" The probability is that they did. Five shillings and costs!

Who would pay for a music hall entertainment with all the humour of the London crowds at his disposal? Wherever you encounter them, East, West, North or South, they are the best-tempered crowds in the world. Get into the right set, and you will have more real enjoyment than is to be had in any half-dozen places of entertainment. The Queen of Italy would be a proud

woman did she but know that in the opinion of a coster—an individual who as a rule is very particular in his tastes—"she wouldn't be arf bad if she only pulled 'er 'air aht a bit and wore a bigger 'at."

One thing, alas! you will see no longer in the streets of London, and that its once most picturesque element. This rambling description must end in a minor key, a melancholy wailing of regret. For the old horse omnibus has gone, and with it the driver, that arch-humorist of the London streets. Their places are filled by snorting, stuttering, evil-smelling motor buses, and Mephistolean individuals with staring eyes and rigid countenances.

Where is the old bus-driver now? Perhaps eking out a precarious existence, "doing odd jobs," that last dread fate of the unfortunate. Perhaps, or more probably, he is in the workhouse, where he regales the other inhabitants with tales of his past glories. The omnibus has most likely become a coach and four, with all its attendant splendours, by this time. If so, do not be too hard on the poor old chap. It is the only happiness left him in life.

What a fund of anecdote those old drivers used to have. One wishes that Mr. Barry Pain had written volumes on their sayings and doings, instead of one short book. Now the old chaps have gone, and we shall never hear their charming, impossible yarns any more.

One in particular I regret. He was the Crown Prince of facetiousness, and was called Joe. A merchant living in the suburbs used to go up to the City each day by the first bus in the morning, which was driven by this particular character, and made a practice of sitting on the front seat, so as to get his views on the topics of the day. It often happened that they met a friend of Joe's, Bill by name, who drove a bus along the same route.

One morning as they were going along Bill's vehicle hove in sight, and Joe immediately pulled out of his pocket a doll, suspended by a bit of string. This object he dangled for the other driver's benefit, and Bill scowled at him. In the evening the passenger chanced to return on the same bus, and when they were half-way home they again met Bill. The doll was once more produced and made to jig up and down. This time Bill swore.

The fare inquired the meaning of this performance.

Joe ruminated for a few moments. Then he spoke.

"Some people down't seem to 'ave no sense of 'umour. Would you believe it, sir, Oi've done that trick six toimes to Bill to-d'y, and each toime he gets wuss. 'E down't seem ible to see the pint. Why, Bill's brother was 'anged this morning."

Dear old humorist, we shall never see his like again.

Fortunately his counterpart is still to be found in

the boatmen on the river. If you want to secure a fine store of original stories, you can do so, and spend a most delightful hour or two at the same time, by going down to Greenwich and taking boats back and fore across the water. If you do not chance on Mr. Jacobs' original night-watchman, you will find others sufficiently akin to him to give you a highly-diverting time of it.

Some night, when you are feeling energetic enough and filled with the spirit of adventure, you may look upon the other side of the picture, and view the tragedy of life. In the early hours of the morning, when all respectable folks are in bed or about to get there, you may take a stroll along the Thames Embankment, glancing at the seats and under the arches of the railway bridges. Then you may see the lower stratum of society, not the criminal, but the homeless and the heartbroken, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. The sight will astonish you, not because of the poverty, but by the look of intelligence and the traces of good birth visible on so many of the drawn, hungry, haggard faces. As you move away and stand in contemplative reflection, gazing at the dark running water, you wonder why these poor waifs, who have nothing left to live for, do not fling themselves in and be done with it all.

All these are curious ways of spending a holiday, you may say. So they are, but try them and see if they are not well worth your while. In a single day

you can have a collection of pictures better than any artist can draw or any book describe, pictures which no cinema can ever represent. And while you are studying London from this point of view, do not miss the sunset from Westminster Bridge or Kensington Gore. I have seen the flaming ball drop over lakes and mountains, dip behind the rim of the Western Ocean, plunge headlong into a tropical sea or the maze of a jungle forest, but for sheer crimson splendour I have never seen anything to surpass the sunset as viewed through the haze of the largest, busiest city in the world.

## CHAPTER XIV

### A CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY

IT is a good thing for people to get out of their own country occasionally, for then they find out that there are other nations besides their own, and that the latter is not the one ruling element in the universe. That is education. They may also discover that foreigners think more of them than they had been led to suppose. That is consolation.

The two things seem contradictory, and possibly they are so. All the same, it is a fact that they represent the frame of mind in which many persons return from a holiday on the Continent. The great point is that they return in a different condition of mind from what they set off in. Their whole mentality has been refreshed by the change of environment, and the influence of it has extended to every part of their systems. That is recuperation.

“ Know your own country first ” is an axiom we often hear quoted. And I would not for one moment dispute the fact that it is a wise saw. The British Isles abound in beautiful scenery and interesting places, and it is the duty of every Briton to know his own land

thoroughly. The question is this, Can he do so unless he has visited other countries, and is thus in a position to compare them with his own? Not that he wants to make out one better than the other, for both have their good points, but they are so different that each makes the other to stand out in relief.

We may enjoy the French mode of living, the change of diet, and the different hours of meals, but shall probably be thankful to come back to our own in the end. We may feast our eyes on the grandeur of Alpine scenery, and yet return to appreciate as never before the green lanes and hedgerows of our native land. It is the contrast which enables us to render to each its due meed of praise.

The benefit and enjoyment of a continental holiday depends entirely on the way in which it is carried out. If you take as your motto, "The most for the money, and all in the least possible time," you had better stay at home. The aftermath of such trips is a nightmare of rousing up at unearthly hours to catch trains, and a bewildering recollection of towns, churches, museums, picture galleries, waterfalls, and a hundred other items hopelessly jumbled up. It is said that a party of excursionists were driving round Brussels in a wagonette, and that they were all fast asleep with the exception of one man, who had just waked up and was inquiring in an exhausted tone of voice. "Where are we now?"

It is no wonder that some people come back from a holiday on the Continent more tired out than when they set off. The prime mistake is to try to see as much as can be managed in the time. A party of friends go to Lucerne. It is only a few hours run to Italy they discover, therefore why miss seeing something of it when they are so near? Then, after they have paid a visit to Milan, why not get a glimpse of Venice and of Florence too? They are only a short distance away (on the map). Having seen Florence, see Rome—and die, which is just what they will be very likely to do by this time.

Even if the trip does not end in this tragic manner, they are only too liable to reach home utterly done up. As to their after impressions, these are once more a confused jumble. I had rather have one clear picture hanging on my wall than fifty bundled up in a heap in the lumber-room.

Those who are delicate, suffering from nervous exhaustion or physically run down, may find that they get the greatest amount of good by going to one place and staying there, making excursions from that point if they wish to do so. Then they have one settled habitation, without the fatigue of having to pack up and move on at stated intervals.

Others, however, may be desirous of making a tour. They have probably been saving up for years for the trip, and naturally want to see as much as they can,

provided they can do so in a rational and comfortable manner.

There are several ways in which they may do this. The easiest of all undoubtedly is to hire a courier, who will do all the work, buying railway tickets and engaging rooms at different hotels, and so forth. Then all that the tourist has to do is to stay in each place as long as he likes, only journeying on when the spirit moves him. Many of us would thoroughly enjoy travelling after this fashion. It would be a new experience. So would the subsequent bankruptcy proceedings.

As this method is, for financial reasons, forbidden to most of us, some other plan is necessary. The coupon system is popularly supposed to be an economical way of getting about, but those who adopt it when visiting a country for the first time, especially if they are not acquainted with the language, will find it the reverse of this. It is only too probable that tips and extras will total up to an amount that should have paid for a holiday in itself. Besides that, there is apt to be a sense of friction, with overcharges and one thing and another, which will interfere with the pleasure of the trip. No doubt for those who are contented to go to one place and spend the whole of their holiday in it the system has its advantages, but for those who wish to do more than this and travel from place to place it has its drawbacks. To see all that is worth seeing

guides are necessary, and good ones are neither cheap nor easy to procure.

For the great majority of people the most satisfactory way of making a continental tour is to book a place in one of the organised tours. By this

**Organised** means they will save a vast amount of  
**tours.** expense, and also be spared all the worry of choosing routes, looking up time tables, making hotel arrangements, and a host of other details, which make or mar the pleasure of the trip.

Some people, feeling run down, are afraid of such tours. They dread the thought of being compelled to move on, whether they are feeling fit for it or not. Yet even those who are nervy or tired with overwork will find that the saving of worry which is effected amply compensates for any slight discomfort in other directions. No better testimony to the value of this system can be found than in the fact that people who have no need to economise frequently choose this form of travelling, simply because of the comfort of knowing that all their arrangements will be made for them.

In choosing an agency of this sort, however, discretion is necessary. Beware of those which offer too extensive a tour in the time. Fortunately all are not organised on this "hurry up and get along" principle, and sufficient leisure is allowed at each stopping-place to enable the members of the party to see everything quietly and comfortably.

One thing bear in mind. You need never hesitate as to one of these advertised tours if the organiser is himself the conductor of the party. Then you may be sure of getting the best value for your money and seeing all that is to be seen, and seeing it to the best advantage too.

Avoid night journeys when you can so arrange matters. The day lost will be a day gained in the long run. Besides that, it is a pity to

**Night** miss seeing the country as you go  
**journeys.** along. Even if the scenery is nothing wonderful, the land itself, with its towns and villages, is of interest, if you have never been there before.

If, however, you must take a night journey, and are not able to sleep well in the train, do not forget to take something to eat and drink. You would get tired and exhausted if you travelled for twelve hours in the day-time without bite or sup ; you are much more likely to grow faint when travelling all night without any sustenance.

Sleeping berths are a hollow sham. Hollow is perhaps the wrong word. Too often they are the very opposite of this, as aching limbs and sore protuberances testify on the following day. If, however you should make use of them, have your own rug and pillow with you.

Remember, especially if going to D<sup>os</sup> or the Riviera,

that the last occupant may have been a tuberculous individual with a bad cough.

A pneumatic collar will render a sleeping berth unnecessary, and will help you to get a fair amount of sleep without having a stiff neck for the next couple of days.

To get the best out of a foreign trip it is as well to limit your peregrinations to one country in particular. Then you know it ever afterwards, not only its customs and history, scenery and antiquities, but the characteristics of the people. You inhale its atmosphere, that subtle essence which will make it of abiding interest in your eyes ever afterwards.

In order to do this, however, one thing is essential. You must know something of the language. Not necessarily to be able to speak it fluently, but sufficient to make your way about, and ask for what you want. Otherwise you will be forced to go everywhere in the company of your fellow-countrymen, and that will mean visiting all the hackneyed show places, which is not the way to see any country. To do this you must get off the beaten track, just as you have to do in your own land, if you wish to view the scenery and the people at their best.

Venice is said to be a convenient place to see in a day. You go to St. Mark's and one or two other churches in the morning, take a trip up the Grand Canal

and to the Lido in the afternoon, and listen to the singing of the gondoliers in the evening. And nine out of every ten persons you have come across have been either English or American. If you want to see the real Venice, set off after dark and wander through the maze of narrow streets and footways, as the writer once did. Like him, you will get hopelessly lost, but will find your way again time after time. Like him, you will not be stilettoed or thrown into the canal. Like him, you will see, nay more will feel, the mysterious life of that unique city—roads scarcely wide enough for two to pass, open doorways and typical Venetian homes suddenly confronting you with a flare of light after the darkness of the street, quaint gardens where you least expect to find them, and every now and then be pulled up with a jerk, to find yourself on the edge of a side canal.

That is Venice, and by the time you finally manage to hail a passing gondola and make your way back to your hotel, you will have learned more of it than a month of sight-seeing could teach you.

To do all this in comfort, however, it is well to have a smattering of the language, the point from which I have sadly strayed. Get one of the guide-books containing a list of convenient sentences, with the pronunciation. - The latter, as you render it, may be enough to make a cat laugh, or at any rate a native of the country, but it will serve its purpose. You will be

able to make yourself understood, and after all that is the chief aim of words. It will also afford you a great amount of amusement in the weeks or months preceding your trip.

No matter how defective your pronunciation may be, it will not make you look so ridiculous as making signs like a gesticulating, mouthing idiot. There is a theory in existence that English is spoken everywhere. So it is in large hotels and along the much-frequented tourist routes. But if you want to get into the by-ways of a country, and learn something of the place and its inhabitants, you must be able to ask for the necessities of life, and inquire your way, however indifferently you may speak the native tongue.

You cannot depend on learning these expressions during your stay. Otherwise you may get hold of the wrong meaning, and land yourself in complications. Like a friend of my own who went into a barber's shop and told the man in French to clip his beard, with the result that the hairdresser took a pair of scissors and ripped a big slice of hair from one cheek before the tourist could stop him. The latter had unwittingly told the man to give him a clean shave. As it was, he got the next thing to it, for he had to return to his hotel with only a moustache. The beard was ruined beyond repair.

Worse still, you might find yourself in a similar position to that of the lady who forgot to lock the

bathroom door, with the result that a Frenchman, oblivious of the fact that the room was occupied, walked in. The lady waved her arms in a threatening manner, and shouted at him the only French phrase which came to her mind. It was "Au revoir."

A very moderate acquaintance with the language of the country will not only save you from awkward predicaments, but it will enable you to get a vast deal more enjoyment out of your tour. Apart from many a delightful chat with the passers-by, you will find that many of the best guides have a very imperfect knowledge of English, and are much more entertaining when speaking in their mother tongue. And whether it be a recognised guide or any other informant, make a practice of believing all that you are told. There may be no such things as ghosts, but what is the use of visiting a haunted house in the spirit of an unbeliever? Take everything for granted, and get your money's worth.

Two men were waiting among a crowd to pass through the turnstile that leads to Juliet's tomb at Verona. One of them said, as he perused his guide-book, "I see that Juliet was not buried in Verona at all." The other turned on him with a fine pretence of ferocity, and gripping him by the throat, exclaimed, "Look here, I've paid a franc to see Juliet's tomb, and I'm jolly well going to see it." He was the wiser man of the two.

## CHAPTER XV

### VOYAGES

THE people who want complete change of environment should go to sea, for there they will find themselves in a new world, a world of its own, without newspapers, letters, telephones, and all the other things that make life a burden and a curse. Society on board ship is as different from that on land as it very well can be. It is a community composed of human beings, but there all resemblance ceases. The Government have vanished into oblivion, and the Captain is Prime Minister, First War Lord, Chief Commissioner of Works, and all the other offices blended into one. He is supreme ruler and stipendiary magistrate. He is also responsible for the navigation of the ship, and all else that takes place on board.

The passengers may have their cliques, but they are not the same cliques as on land, and an element of variety is added owing to the rapid and inexplicable manner in which friendships are formed, broken and patched up again. Proposals of marriage are made with a reckless disregard of consequences never seen on terra firma, and engagements entered into in the

most light-hearted way. As the contracting parties generally come to their senses on reaching home, and soon forget all about these little episodes, not much harm is done, and life has acquired a refreshing flavour of romance. Neither blames the other, but gives the credit of the whole affair to "Ozone."

Once you have set foot on board a liner your whole life seems to change, for you meet a lot of strangers all inclined to make the best of things, in which endeavour the good old ocean gives them every assistance. The wide horizon and the invigorating breezes seem to transform people's characters, expanding their minds and blowing away all the dust and cobwebs, the narrow outlook and the petty grievances.

This is, of course, provided they travel by a sensible ship, not one that has wireless telegraphy installed. That modern invention has destroyed much of the romance of the sea, so far as many of our ocean greyhounds are concerned. The man who wants change and rest need not book his passage by one of the mammoth liners. In regard to those two indispensable elements, he might as well be staying in some huge hotel at home. He is on the sea, to be sure, but the atmosphere around him is not that of the briny. There is too much bustle, and the daily bulletin of news from the nearest point of land keeps his mind chained to home affairs, the very things he wants to leave behind.

There is another phase of wireless telegraphy which may appeal to my readers, if what I have said has not already convinced them of its evil qualities. Some day you—or to avoid any appearance of invidious reflection I may say you or I—may be fugitives from justice. When that day comes you will endorse all that I have said on the subject, for then the long arm of the law will be long *so far as we are concerned*.

Probably the reason why in many cases people do not choose a voyage as a form of holiday is owing to the dread of sea-sickness. “It is quite

**Sea-** bad enough to cross the Channel or to  
**sickness.** the Isle of Man,” they say, “without being sick for a fortnight or three weeks on end.” Sailing on a liner is, however, a very different matter from sailing on these Channel boats. There is an amount of weight below the water-line that makes the roll much gentler and steadier. Now that steamers which would have been numbered amongst the giants twenty years ago are in use for trips lasting only for a week or two, many who previously had a wholesome fear of the sea may travel with little inconvenience as regards the fear of *mal de mer*.

This dire complaint can also be prevented, or at any rate mitigated, by taking certain precautions. Live on a light diet for several days beforehand, and take a good aperient the day previous to sailing. Then,

when you have set off, stay in the open air as much as possible at first. If you begin to feel somewhat qualmish, take your meals on deck also. It may be brave on your part to try to sit it out at the saloon table but the fact of your feeling nervous may precipitate the cataclysm you are anxious to avoid. It will also add to the comfort of your fellow-passengers if you stay away until more sure of yourself. The sight of a yellow-green-faced individual bolting from the dinner table is very funny when seen in a picture, but it is upsetting for others who are perhaps feeling somewhat wobbly in their own interiors.

You will not need to take many meals in this fashion on deck, for once you have successfully negotiated one of them your confidence will be established.

One mistake avoid above all others. Do not shut yourself up in your cabin, and lie in your bunk waiting for the great upheaval. You will never get over it in that way, especially if your cabin-companion is afflicted in like manner. Get a case-hardened friend to give you a helping hand along the deck, until you have got your sea-legs, and if you cannot face a square meal, eat something, if only a biscuit, and have a drink of some sort. Hot weak tea is as good as any other, and better than most.

Do this, and you will be surprised how soon you leave all dread of sea-sickness behind. Then you can enjoy the sheer delight of being at sea, and will be

humming "A life on the ocean wave" in a joyous and light-hearted manner. There is no conceit in the whole world so refreshing, both to other people and the individual concerned, as that of the person who has mastered his fear of *mal de mer*, and can watch the ship lift herself with a mighty swing to meet the great rollers. The air has a buoyancy that is a new experience, and the fresh breezes seem to penetrate to all the dusty chambers of the mind, sweeping away care and worry and trouble of all sorts. You appear to be walking on air, too, for the springiness of deck planks beneath your feet, instead of the solid hard earth, gives you a sensation of lightness all through your frame.

Your appetite astounds you, and it is just here that there is a danger of having your sea holiday spoiled.

It is a law of nature that if a man would  
**Appetite** eat he must work ; it is equally a law  
**and** that if he would digest what he eats he  
**exercise.** must take exercise. The greatest mistake  
anyone can make on board ship is to loll  
about all day, leading the life of a lotus eater. A  
feeling of lassitude comes on, which makes exercise  
almost repugnant at last, and yet takes away the  
capacity for enjoyment.

Therefore, enter into deck games, and go for walks, so many turns to the mile. It will make all the difference. When crossing the Indian Ocean on one occasion

a passenger on board consulted me about his liver, which he said had gone totally wrong. He was sallow and dyspeptic, and felt as if life were not worth living. Yet he was cured in a single day. Being calm weather, some of the men were painting the ship's sides. They were slung over in rope cages, and, if you try that occupation for a few hours you will be surprised how much muscular exertion you go through. We had another cage rigged up for the livery passenger, and he took his turn for the morning, with the result that he came to lunch looking a new man, and with a relish for his food that he had not known for a fortnight past.

The new treatment became the fashion, and by next day the erstwhile dyspeptic passenger was joined by a band of others who had suffered in the same way.

One question is often asked as to sea trips, "What do people do with themselves all day long?" The answer is difficult to give, but the fact remains that the day never seems long enough to do it in. There is never a dull moment. There is always something to see and something to do, or a prospective engagement between two romantically-inclined young people, about whom bets will perhaps be freely exchanged among the sporting members of the community. Anyhow, there is always something new cropping up, something to talk about. For once aboard the lugger, and you make a fresh start in life. All your pet stories that are slowly dying from mildew and

blight—hiding their drooping heads in the presence of the friends and neighbours at home, who have heard them *ad nauseam*—spring to life again and meet with an appreciative hearing. That consideration alone should be sufficient to tempt us to leave the blasé land and set out over the rolling deep.

Many people may prefer a combination of land and sea holiday, instead of a long ocean voyage, even supposing they have the time to spare

**Land** for the latter. Such trips are to be had  
**and sea.** at comparatively little expense, and the liners which cater for them leave nothing to be desired in the way of size and comfort. Then the tourist may have all the advantages of a sea trip, and the pleasure of visiting Norway and the Baltic, the Canary Islands and Morocco, or the innumerable places of beauty and interest on the shores of the Mediterranean.

• Others, however, may feel inclined to extend their experience of this wonderful globe and see the glories of the tropics. They can do this in less

**Longer** than five weeks by taking a trip to the  
**voyages.** West Indies. The marvel is that so many people who can spare the time and the money do not avail themselves of this opportunity. It is such a perfect change, such an absolute contrast to all they have seen hitherto.

Some people are afraid to take a trip of this sort

because they cannot arrange to time their return when spring has arrived. They are afraid of taking influenza, pneumonia, or something of that sort if they arrive home before the winter has come to an end. Their fears are groundless ; they are much less likely to be attacked by any of these illnesses after invigorating their minds and bodies with such a tour, than if they spent the whole winter in their native land.

They would return with more than health too, and more than sunburnt faces or collections of curios and photographs. For the rest of their lives they would have vivid, enchanting pictures stored up in their minds—waving palm trees, gorgeous flowers and foliage, fairy islands gleaming like gems in a sea of azure, sunshine so brilliant that the air seems to quiver and palpitate with life, deep tropical night skies, with stars that hang like golden balls from a deep blue velvet dome.

Yet they prefer to stay at home in the winter months, shivering with the cold and grumbling at the weather, when they might be feasting their eyes and warming their souls with the glow and luxuriance of these sunny lands.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY

A CHILDREN'S holiday of all others demands the greatest care and foresight, in order that it may be a success. For it is more than mere enjoyment, it is a part, and an important part, of the child's education, or rather of that development of mind which is, or ought to be, its chief end and aim. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, said that a child's first view of the sea enlarged its mental horizon to a greater extent than any other episode in early life.

When we speak of children's holidays it is to the seaside that our thoughts naturally tend. On the whole this form of holiday affords the **Seaside or** best chances of having a time well spent. **country ?** There is more likelihood of fine weather than in hilly districts, for even if there is rain it is usually not so heavy or long-continued as it is in inland places. Wherever you have sea and sand, too, there is ample occupation for little hands and feet, and therefore abundance of amusement.

At the same time, a few weeks in the country,

especially in or near a farmhouse, may prove a delightful change for boys and girls who live in towns. With cows, horses, ducks, geese, hens, poultry, dogs, milking, haymaking, orchards, meadows, and a stream in which to dabble about, they can enjoy themselves to their heart's content. With a brook or a pool near at hand, you need never be at a loss to amuse youngsters. Put them on old clothes and either thick stockings and boots, or none at all, and then let them get as wet and dirty as they like. You need not be afraid of their taking cold, the abundance of fresh air they are having at the same time will counteract any tendency in this direction.

The charm of such a holiday may be increased ten-fold by letting them sleep in a tent and have their meals out of doors. Then their vacation will savour of all the romance of gipsy life, to their huge delight, and with the greatest benefit to their health. A caravan holiday will have the same effect; there is no better way of giving young people a good time of it.

In the case of children brought up in the country, a trip to London will be a genuine treat. It will also help their minds to expand in an almost  
**London** incredible manner. Whilst we hope that  
**holiday.** to the end of their lives they will look  
back on their native village or country  
town with affection and loyalty, thinking it the best

place in the whole world, the time must come when they will have to realise that it is not the hub of the universe. Therefore let them see London, with its teeming millions, its unceasing traffic, its innumerable places of interest in which to feast the eyes and enrich the mind, places not merely of amusement but intimately associated with the history of our<sup>1</sup> country. It is surprising what an amount of interest such buildings excite, even in the minds of boys and girls who have regarded their history lessons as a form of affliction, an inevitable nuisance inflicted on the helplessness of youth.

Whatever part you may select as a holiday resort, country, seaside, or town, it is well, particularly in the case of young children, to avoid long or **Tiresome** wearying journeys by train. If, however, this cannot be avoided, you can **railway** make that railway journey a source of **journeys.** unbounded delight. Launch out into a piece of extravagance for once, and let them have a meal in the dining-car. They will agree unanimously afterwards that it was the very best part of the whole holiday. It is an experience which they can never enjoy in after-life. They may take meals on the train when they are grown up, but it will not be the same thing by any means. Therefore let them have this treat while they are young.

It is important above all else to make full inquiries,

or better still to make a preliminary journey and a personal inspection as to the apartments **Preliminary** and the district generally. Otherwise you **inquiries.** may find on getting there, especially if it is a country place, that the bedroom windows will not open, or that there is no bathroom, a lamentable defect where children are concerned, or that the sanitary arrangements are defective. The last-named is worse than an inconvenience, it may be a positive source of danger.

It has happened before now that a family has taken possession of rooms, and found out a day or two later that the last occupants had had infectious disease. Even if that particular house had been exempt, the district may have been rife with scarlet fever or diphtheria. Disasters of this kind may be avoided by writing to the local health authorities, who are usually ready to give any information on such matters; they are anxious not to give their town a bad name, and know quite well that they are more likely to do this by allowing tourists to find these things out for themselves than by giving them explicit information on the subject.

Pack up all the oldest clothes the children possess. Half the secret of a good holiday is to let the youngsters run wild and enjoy themselves. We are **Clothes.** all getting a bit too civilised. There is a trace of the savage in every one of us, especially in our youthful days, and it had better be

allowed free vent on a holiday than come out at less seasonable times. Put in also plenty of games with which they can amuse themselves in the evenings or on wet days. Wide-brimmed hats to protect them from the sun and india-rubber shoes for paddling are prime essentials, also bathing suits for the older ones and overalls for the little ones, so that they can dabble about as much as they like without the worry of keeping their clothes clean and dry.

Many people seem to be under the impression that children should paddle only for a short time. This is a mistake, for they can have their feet

**Paddling** in the water all day long, provided the **and bathing.** weather is fine, without taking any harm.

The great point is to see that their heads are covered in sunny weather, as otherwise they are liable to get a touch of sunstroke. If they have their dabs on while paddling, there will be no anxiety as to their stepping on broken glass or other things likely to cause injury.

It is an excellent plan to put on their bathing costumes as soon as they go out after breakfast, and let them run about in them or paddle as long as they like, having the bathe itself some hours later. Once they have had this and got their costumes soaked, they should be rubbed down and made to dress, instead of loitering about in damp things.

One point remember particularly, never force a child

to go into the water against its will. It is all very fine to talk of making them hardy, but too often forcible methods of this sort result in nervous troubles. In one case a child who was so forced against her inclination developed an attack of St. Vitus's dance, which lasted for years. Persuade them gently, if you will, but if this is not effective, say no more about the matter, and let the child amuse itself in its own way. Then you are more likely to gain your end, for in many cases you will find before the next few days have passed that the child goes into the water of its own accord.

Some children get headachy or languid at the seaside. This is usually owing to constipation, and a dose of medicine, some gentle aperient, will **Children's** make all the difference to the child's **ailments.** health and enjoyment. At other times the indisposition is owing to indiscretion in diet. The fond parents, anxious for their little ones to have a good time of it, regale them with more sweets and pastries between meals than they are accustomed to. There is no harm in occasional treats of this sort, but keep them as such, and do not surfeit the youngsters with too many sweet things. Give them good, plain food, and if you want them to get all the good they can out of it, let them take their meals alfresco, picnicking out of doors and playing about, if they so choose, whilst taking their food. There is a mistaken idea prevalent that children

and grown-up people too should sit down when eating. This means that when on a holiday children, anxious to finish the meal and get back to their play, bolt their food, so that mastication, the most essential of all things to good digestion, is reduced to a minimum. Let them take a hunch of bread and eat it as they like, first a bite and then a bit of play, and so on. Then they will masticate it to the very end, the sweet not the bitter end this time.

As to amusements, you can arrange competitions, such as prizes for the best collection of wild flowers, seaweed, shells, or anything else that

**Recreations.** occurs to you, and they will enter into them with zest. Accompany them on their walks too. They will be out of sight for the greater part of the time, jumping hedges or dodging behind rocks, and you may imagine that they are wanting to get rid of you. Not a bit of it; there would not be half the amusement in it all if there were no grown-ups present. Take them out prawning, and they will never tire of it.

You can join in their games also, for there is nothing that children like better than to see their elders playing cricket or running races with them. Father will probably come in a bad last, get bowled first ball, and miss a heap of catches, but what matter? That is just where the fun comes in.

It is in their other recreations that children are such

funny creatures, beyond the mind of man to understand. They litter the place with a mass of useless rubbish, gathered from the fields or the seashore, and seem to prize it mightily. Never mind, it pleases them, and by next day the hoard is forgotten in the excitement of newfound treasures, and you can throw the lot out.

With amusements such as these it is best to let children find their own, and carry them out in their own way. They will do it very much better than we can. People sometimes sacrifice their hard-earned money in arranging for the family to have a motor run, and find that the young ones resent being called away from some dirty pool in which they are revelling. It will save expense and disappointment, so far as parents are concerned, to consult the children's wishes before doing anything of the sort.

Never force a child to have a donkey ride or a steamer trip if it is nervous and dreads the idea. We have known them made miserable for the rest of the day through being made to go, feeling frightened, yet not daring to appear cowardly.

We find them building sand castles far below high-water mark, and advise them with the best intentions in the world to go farther up, where their edifices will not be washed away with the tide. Then they look at us with that pitying contempt which is the prerogative of childhood. We were too stupid to see that the washing-away was the point of the game.

Then they are so solemn in their doings that, thinking they are bored, we suggest some other amusement. What simple fools we adults are ! How stunted our intelligence, how limited our imagination ! That hole in the sand is the first beginnings of a tunnel that shall lead right through the globe to wondrous lands on the other side ; that hole in the rock where they have been playing for hours on end is a fairy grotto full of weird mysteries and hidden treasures ; that castle of sand is the abode of a fierce and terrible ogre, the bits of stick standing upright are the prisoners he has confined within the fortress, the heap of sand in the middle is the ogre himself. Then when the tide rises and washes it all away, the castle and the ogre will sink into oblivion, while the prisoners will float gaily away each in his little boat.

Do not interfere with these plans. If you do you will be forgiven, for you are only a grown-up person, and cannot, therefore, be expected to know any better, but it will be grudgingly, bear in mind.

A group of children were playing by the side of a muddy pool. They sat for some time with a pained expression on their faces. Then one of them took a stick and splashed it about in the water, at which the others crawled in with laborious steps. Next minute they emerged with shouts of triumph. They repeated this performance times without end, and the onlookers thought it the most stupid game they had ever seen.

It was the onlookers who were stupid. Any idiot should have seen the point. It was the Pool of Siloam, and the sufferers were waiting for the moving of the waters.

Let us leave them to their play, these little ones, forbearing to disturb them with our clumsy hands and clumsier, slow-thinking minds. For the years are passing, and soon the mimic warfare of childhood will have given place to the keen struggle for existence, the fairies and the goblins will have gone, and life will be a stern reality, not a game.

## CHAPTER XVII

### AILMENTS INCIDENTAL TO HOLIDAYS

NEEDLESS to say, there is no ailment exclusively confined to holiday-makers, but there are certain complaints from which they are especially liable to suffer. A few hints on the latter may be of service, particularly in the case of people staying in out-of-the-way places, where medical attendance is not readily obtained.

Headache is one of the most common symptoms met with. The form in which it usually occurs is that known as frontal, affecting chiefly the **Headache**, forehead and eyes. Even if it does not **eye-strain**. amount to actual pain, there may be a constant feeling of ache and strain, which is just enough to take the edge off the pleasure of the holiday. It is of more frequent occurrence at the seaside than in the country. The glare from the sands is much more trying than the green which Nature has adopted as the most restful colour for the eyes.

This form of headache can be largely avoided by the simple expedient of wearing dark glasses or wide-

brimmed hats pulled well down over the forehead. The custom of going without any head-covering is a pernicious one, because of the strain which it throws upon the visual organs, and through them upon the optic nerves and the brain. Fortunately, the hatless brigade, which came so much to the fore a few years ago, appears to have retired into the obscurity from which it had better never have emerged. No doubt in many cases people wear their hats thrown back from the forehead, or dispense with them altogether, from an ambition to get sunburnt. It may be a source of satisfaction to return home as brown as a berry, but it is hardly worth it if half the comfort of the holiday has been lost in acquiring this sort of complexion.

Dark glasses, smoke tinted, not blue, will enable people to obtain the beautifying effects of sunshine without any of the discomfort referred to. They may not be sightly, but it is worth sacrificing appearances for the sake of health and enjoyment. Nowadays yellow glasses are beginning to take the place of smoked ones, as it is found that they intercept the particular rays which tend to make the eyes ache; at the same time, they do not cause the sky to look dark and lowering, as though a storm were about to break.

The headache due to sight-seeing, as in going through picture galleries, for instance, is due entirely to eye-strain. In this case the tourist needs to limit his

attentions to certain objects of interest. It is the bewildering change from one thing to another which fatigues the sight.

The remedy for frontal headache, once it has come on, is to lie down in a darkened room and bathe the eyes and temples with cold water. This is vastly better than dosing with phenacetine and such-like drugs, to which so many people are addicted.

Important as it is to keep the eyes shaded, it is equally essential to protect the back of the head from prolonged exposure to the sun. For in

**Sunstroke.** this case the risk is not merely a headache, but an attack of sunstroke. The individual is suddenly attacked by a boring pain in the nape of the neck, as if a red-hot poker had been applied to it. Along with this there is a feeling of deadly nausea with palpitation, and either a hot, dry skin or a cold, clammy one.

These symptoms should be attended to at once. The sufferer must be made to lie down in a dark room, and have cold pads applied at intervals of a few minutes to the back of the head as far down as the neck. At the same time he should have hot tea to drink, though to readers who have never been in tropical climates this may sound strange. The tea should be as hot as it can be taken, and the patient should drink it in as large quantities as possible. In India it is not uncommon to see a man drink between one and two quarts of it in

a very short time ; he knows only too well how much, even his life itself, depends upon it.

Another form of headache affects the back part of the head, and is due to derangement of the digestive organs. Too many sweets, pastries, ices

**Bilious** or fruits have been taken between meals,  
**headache.** or perhaps the holiday appetite has been in excess of the digestive powers. A day's starvation will generally get rid of it, but the speediest remedy is to sip hot water containing a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to the tumblerful.

Often, too, constipation is at the root of these bilious headaches, and it is a symptom to which many people are liable when away from home. Even if it does not produce the headache, it is apt to cause a feeling of lassitude. It is always well when on a holiday to pay even greater attention to the working of the internal organs than is necessary in an ordinary way.

Sometimes over-exertion sets up this feeling of lassitude, along with a dull, constricted sensation in the head. Especially is this so during the

**Over-** first few days of the vacation. People of  
**exertion.** sedentary habits have rushed too eagerly at games, walks, and so forth, before their systems are fit to throw off the effects quickly enough. The remedy for this state of affairs is rest, combined with hot baths.

Diarrhœa is an ailment which should always be

attended to at once, as it may mean some form of ptomaine poisoning, due to bad food,

**Diarrhœa.** impure milk, or over-ripe fruit. The first thing to do is to take a dose of castor oil, not chlorodyne. The latter is very comforting in getting rid of the colicky pains which often go with the other, but it is risky, as it tends to lock up poisonous substances within the body. When the castor oil has done its work effectually, there is no harm in a sedative, if the colic still persists.

Oysters account for many cases of this sort in the summer time. However fresh and tempting they may look, it is always well to adhere to the old plan of keeping clear of them, except during the months that have the letter R in their spelling.

Dust is responsible for half the ailments that assail the tourist. The worst of it is, that the finer the weather the greater the amount of dust.

**Dust.** The nose and throat are the worst sufferers. Most people have gone through the following experience. They have had a drive, either horse or motor, which has been thoroughly enjoyable except for the dust. Yet at the time that caused nothing more than inconvenience, interfering with the view and so forth. It is only after their return that they find their throats and nostrils dry and irritable. During the course of the evening they feel as if there was a swelling at the back of the throat, and

a difficulty in breathing through the nose. Next morning they have a streaming cold, and swallowing is perhaps painful. The next couple of days are wasted more or less in trying to get rid of the complaint.

All this may be avoided by simple means. Before setting out lubricate the interior of the nostrils with boracic ointment, and take a small box of this with you, so that you may repeat the process during the day. Take some lozenges also, and suck one if you find the throat becoming dry. The other members of the party will mock at you for your pains, perhaps call you names, old fidget, hypochondriac, and other kindred epithets. Later on they will button-hole you one by one, and lead you off mysteriously into quiet corners, and whisper shamefacedly, "I say, lend me that ointment, will you?" Then your triumph will be complete.

If by any chance the dust has made its way in, you may ward off the subsequent catarrh by applying some menthol vaseline to the interior of the nostrils, sniffing it up until you taste it at the back of the throat. Supplement this by a gargle of boro-glyceride, a teaspoonful to the tumblerful of water.

These precautions are of the utmost importance in the case of those unfortunate people subject to hay fever. This complaint is more often due

**Hay fever.** to dust than to pollen. This is not the place in which to give a dissertation on

hay fever in general, but it will be found that the above measures will assist considerably in helping to mitigate the complaint. So also in some manner as yet unexplained does the wearing of dark glasses. In some cases these have an almost magical effect. Needless to say, people liable to hay fever should avoid the country, and choose a sandy seaside place for a holiday, or, failing that, spend the time in London or some other large town.

The eyes suffer equally with the neighbouring organs from the irritation of dust. Here again the boracic ointment is of service, if smeared on the **Ophthalmia.** lids at night, and even before going out in the daytime. The only disadvantage of using it by day is that it gives them a somewhat bleary appearance, and as a rule the nightly application is sufficient for the purpose. It will prevent the ophthalmia which is apt to result from the dust, and the growth of styas such as often accompany that malady.

It will be seen, therefore, that dust is a factor which has always to be taken into consideration. Fortunately the process of tar-spraying the roads has lessened the evil to some extent, at any rate in towns. And for this motors have to be thanked. Honour where honour is due!

Sprains are not uncommon episodes in the course

of holiday making, and are often due to the fact of people indulging in exercises to which **Sprains and bruises.** they are not accustomed. The speediest cure for them is bathing with hot water, as hot as it can be borne. This is better than cold, which often retards recovery. After bathing the part, gentle rubbing with turpentine liniment or the application of arnica on linen is beneficial.

The most painful form of strain is that of the lumbar muscles, lumbago as it is called. In this case bathing, on account of the thickness of the muscles, **Lumbago.** is of little use. The best remedy is ironing. Put a layer of flannel across, and over this apply an ordinary domestic iron made quite hot. Move it firmly up and down until that part becomes too hot, and then do the same to the other side. Repeat this a number of times for a quarter of an hour or so. Generally by the end of that time the sufferer, who had been unable to move or turn without pain, will be able to do so in comfort.

Sciatica is not infrequent, owing to the habit of sitting about on the rocks. As a matter of fact, no one, except the young and robust who never **Sciatica.** seem to get anything, should sit on bare rock. A rug or cushion, even a newspaper spread out, will obviate any danger. If the sciatica pains have come on, take a hot bath and then lie with

a hot-water bottle in contact with the painful part of the leg.

Cramp is also met with, generally after bathing in the open. Vigorous massage is the best remedy, but

if there is no one at hand to perform it,

**Cramp.** and you are unable to do it yourself, follow the sailor's plan of standing on tiptoe. This will often be found to reduce the painful contraction of the sinews.

Some people are martyrs to insect bites. Every midge and gnat in the district seems to hear of their

arrival, and hasten to pay an introductory

**Insect** call. The hands, neck, and ankles are

**bites.** the parts most commonly affected.

Ammonia is the best application for wasp bites, a cooling lead lotion followed by vaseline or cold cream for those of other insects. A good plan by way of prevention is to smear the parts mentioned with carbolic ointment, of a strength of one in ten, before going out in the mornings.

An insect in the ear may cause consternation of the most abject type. None save those who have experienced the sensation caused by an insect on the drum can picture the effect. It is like all the thunderstorms and orchestras of the world rolled into one. The noise can be quickly silenced and the invader ejected by dropping oil into the ear.

Foreign bodies in the eye may cause a day of

pleasure to be turned into one of misery, if there is no one at hand possessed of the knack of

**Foreign** turning up the upper lid and removing  
**bodies in the** the offending particle. In such a case  
**eye.** much suffering may be averted by putting  
a drop or two of castor oil on the eyeball.

Aching feet may make walking a torture, and it is surprising how many people suffer from them. Often

the complaint is due to the habit of  
**Tender** having boots too thinly soled, or in  
**feet.** wearing shoes with rubber soles. A  
certain amount of relief may be obtained

by applying rectified spirit to the soles of the feet in the mornings, and, if you are not afraid of getting your foot-gear into a mess, by rubbing them with soap afterwards.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### SUPPLEMENTARY HOLIDAYS

THE individual who relies on the annual vacation for the change and rest of which his system stands in need is in a sorry plight. For it may happen that when the time for it comes round, circumstances over which he has no control, such as urgent business matters or illness, may keep him at home. It may also be that if he has neglected to make use of shorter breaks during the course of the year, he has overtaxed his energies to such an extent that his capacity for enjoyment has gone, and his hard-earned vacation becomes a dreary form of convalescence.

The chief benefits of the annual holiday are best attained if the tension has been relaxed occasionally, instead of keeping the mind tied down to the same wearisome routine for the greater part of the twelve months.

We have no wish to turn the day of rest into occasions of holiday-making. When the quiet of the English

Sunday disappears, much of our national

**The** store of nerve energy—or what is left of  
**week-end** it—will vanish at the same time. We  
**holiday.** fully endorse also all that has been said  
and written as to the harm of Sunday

motoring. Yet, because a certain section of society chooses to deprive itself of that periodic rest, which is as important from the standpoint of health as from that of religion, and to make a nuisance of itself by flying through peaceful villages, to the accompaniment of noise and dust, that is no reason why another section of the community, which has to stick closely to work for the rest of the week—in contrast to the average motorist, who can take his car out any day he likes—should be deprived of the boon of leaving their cares and worries behind for a couple of days, to come back home refreshed and invigorated.

In order to do this, they need not be a nuisance to anyone else, need not even desecrate the Sabbath, for they can spend it as quietly as they choose. A couple of days from Saturday, or better still from Friday evening, to Monday, will be of inestimable benefit to them. They can go to the seaside and rest their tired minds with that view of the ocean which is so often effectual in carrying the mind far outside its own poor limitations into a wider sphere beyond.

Or they may take train to some quiet spot in the country, put up at the village inn, and amid green fields and pastures new recuperate their wearied brains and tired bodies by indulging in rural walks or any outdoor hobbies in which they may be interested.

There are certain enforced vacations in the course of

the year in the shape of Bank Holidays. There are also, I presume, many people who will avail themselves of the facilities offered by the railway companies to have a day off. But for those who can manage to get away at other times, and especially those who cannot stand much fatigue or discomfort, there is only one motto for such occasions, "Home, sweet home." There is enough trouble in the world already without adding to it the manifold inconveniences of travelling at such times, with crowded trains, crowded restaurants, crowded everything.

Yet Bank Holidays have their good points. There are many thousands of toilers who find other places no more crowded than the humble homes in which they live, and to people of this type such discomforts as we have enumerated do not detract from the pleasures of the day. It may be that they even add to them on the principle, "The more the merrier."

Then let them go and enjoy themselves, but let other and more fastidious people stay at home. It may be that to such persons Bank Holidays have a value of their own. One man, at any rate, finds it so. If it were not for these compulsory breaks, his affairs would long ago have got into a hopeless muddle. As it is, his roll-top desks are cleared out and his papers sorted regularly four times a year, at Easter, Whitsuntide, August and Christmas, and all the available

waste-paper baskets in the house are filled to overflowing.

Perhaps the most important holiday of all, and the one that receives least consideration as a rule, is the weekly half-holiday. Often it is sadly

**Weekly** curtailed owing to a lack of preparation  
**half-holiday.** and foresight. The usual plan is to wait and see what the weather is going to be.

It turns out fine and the roads clean and dry, just the day for a cycle ride. So the bicycles are brought forth, and of course the tyres are down. One of them is found to have a puncture, and much valuable time is lost in repairing it. So eager is the party to make a start, that the unfortunate cycle is taken out before the patch has set. That means trouble and delay during the ride. "Just my luck," its owner remarks in lugubrious tones. Altogether the afternoon is not an unqualified success.

Others suggest that the day was made for a good walk. The question arises as to where they shall go. Various ones are mooted, walks in the neighbourhood, familiar paths that have been trodden almost *ad nauseam*. "Why not take the train somewhere, and see something fresh?" Various places of interest are suggested, and the time table is called for. It is missing, of course. Time tables always are when they are wanted. At last, after a prolonged search and much recrimination on the part of everybody as to why

everybody else can't put things where they can be found, it is produced. There is a train, but it has just gone. It always has. The afternoon ends in a boring stroll of the sort known as "there and back again."

All this might have been avoided by the simple process of settling the matter at breakfast-time or the evening before. Then cycles can be put in order, or suitable trains looked up, with the result that everyone has a good time of it, returning home with voracious appetites, brighter spirits, and a look on their faces as if the cares of years had been smoothed away. They had set off a serious respectable crowd; they come back like a lot of silly youngsters. When grown-up people learn to behave like irresponsible children, they have found more than half the secret of living. If everyone did this, there would be fewer nervous breakdowns met with.

There are many, however, who prefer to spend their Saturday afternoons in enjoying a game, and there are

few better ways of diverting the mind,

**Games.** provided the game is chosen with discretion, and played in a rational manner. Too often it happens that people try to make up for six days of comparative inaction by a few hours vigorous, even violent, exercise, with the result that they feel tired and jaded afterwards. From Monday to Friday they take trams and taxis wherever they have to go, and then have a long walk on Saturday afternoon

to counteract their previous indolence. It is worse than useless, for their systems have become loaded up with waste matter, and the exercise in itself adds to the amount already present, with the result that they set up a form of self-poisoning which causes cramp and stiffness, and, what is very much worse, headache and lassitude. Unless people can be persuaded to do the obviously sensible thing, which is to have exercise of some sort every day, they must be contented to take their half-holiday recreations in a more leisurely manner.

That is one great advantage of golf, for as a rule people can take it as quietly as they like. The exception, unfortunately, is on Saturday afternoons, when a course may be crowded with players, driving off every few minutes. Then the effect on a man whose nerves are below par may be harassing to the last degree, especially if he is not an adept at the game. His nervous condition accentuates his mistakes, and by the time he has fozzled a few balls, and been passed by better and more skilful players, he is in such a state of irritability that the sport does him more harm than good.

In a previous book I made the statement—at the risk of my life—that golf was not adapted to everyone. That remark has been, I am told, of great benefit to some people. It has also led to some interesting criticisms, through the medium of the Press and otherwise, by those who refused to credit it, not recognising

that it was a certain class of persons, and not the average man, to whom I was referring. Finally my arguments were demolished, utterly and completely, by one individual, who asserted that there are thousands and thousands of men all over the country, who are sober for hours at a stretch owing to the fact that there are no public houses on a golf course. After that I humbly withdraw any sentences I have ever written that might sound—though nothing was further from my mind—like aspersions on the royal and ancient game.

That golf existed as a remedy for dipsomania was, however, news to me. I presume that there are still a few people left, here and there, who use it purely as a recreation, and not as a curative agent. If people will only look upon it as a form of sport, and not as a deadly serious affair, in which every stroke that is missed, sliced, or pulled is a blot on a man's soul, it will prove of inestimable benefit. For it can be played in summer or winter, on dull days and on fine ones, and that is more than can be said of most other outdoor sports.

Some people, however, do not care for games, and there is no earthly reason why anyone should play them contrary to their inclinations. It is

**Hobbies.** possible to get an equal amount of enjoyment, combined with fresh air and exercise, in other ways. Gardening, photography, natural history, and a score of similar pursuits will give

them diversion of mind, and as much or as little exertion as they need or are feeling inclined for.

I ought, perhaps, to apologise for these frequent references to this subject. Unfortunately it is a weakness of mine. I have many hobbies, and find them the salt of life. The only objectionable one of the whole lot is that of continually impressing the value and necessity of them upon other people.

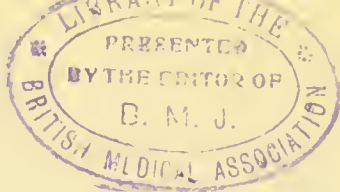
As we consider all the various ways in which a half-holiday can be spent, to the good of mind and body alike, it is astonishing that anyone should  
**The** ever be bored, or in doubt as to how to  
**invalid's** put in an afternoon profitably and  
**half-holiday.** enjoyably, with all the games and outdoor pursuits at our command. Yet there is one class of individuals who are still left uncatered for. It is those who are doomed to spend their days indoors by reason of weakness or affliction of some sort. And do not let us forget them, my friend, you and I, who can walk out at any time we choose, to feast our eyes on the beauties of Nature, to see God's heaven above our heads, and feel the air and sunshine playing all around us. To do all this too while others have to pine on beds of sickness, or eat out their hearts in a darkened room.

Some of them are in what should be the prime of life, having to endure the invalid's existence, whilst we can pick and choose from all the pleasures that await

our bidding. They can have friends to visit them when the day is wet and there is nothing else to do, or in the dark of the winter evenings. It is when the sun is shining, and all Nature at her best, that they feel most keenly their deprivations and the hardness of their lot. Therefore, just when the day is most tempting, let us give up a little of what brightens our own lives, and help the time to pass more quickly and pleasantly for these lonely sufferers.

When you visit them, bear one thing in mind. They do not ask for mere sympathy and platitudes. They want to hear about all that is going on outside, the recreations, the games and walks in which others, with the throb of life in their veins, are taking part. It is not tantalising to them to hear of these things. They are sated with the atmosphere of the sick room, and when they hear of all these outside interests, they feel as if they too were getting, if only by proxy, a morsel of life's gladness, and a taste of the sunshine and the breeze.

THE END.



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